THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

PERIODICAL ROOM GENERAL LIBRARY UNIV. OF MICH.

JAN 15 1941

The Week-end Review

Vol. XX. No. 512 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1940 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	609
INDIA'S PART IN VICTORY	611
THE WAR CABINET AND PARLIAMENT. By Harold J. Laski	612
A LONDON DIARY	564
THIS ENGLAND	613
THE REPLANNING OF LONDON. By Elizabeth Denby	614
CAN FARMING SURVIVE.—II. By L. F. Easterbrook	614
THE ARMY FILM UNIT. By Paul Rotha	615
WAR-FARE. By Sagittarius	616
GOODBYE TO RAILINGS. By Y. Y.	617
ANGLO-POLISH BALLET	617
THIS ENTERTAINMENT PROBLEM—II. By Ivor Brown	618
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait	619
CORRESPONDENCE	620
From Douglas Jay; A. Mercott; Albert Armstrong; Victor Gollancz; R. Palme Dutt; "Soldier"; Michael De La Bedoyere; R. Fraser Reekie; Horace B. Samuel; Louis Yudkin.	620
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	624
REVIEWS:	
History Takes a Long Week-end. By T. C. Worsley	626
Three Philosophers. By C. E. M. Joad	626
The Innocents at Home. By Desmond Hawkins	628
The Art of An Aristocracy. By R. St. C. Talboys	630
Thurber. By G. W. Stonier	632
Guerillas. By George Orwell	632
An Engineer on Life. By Olaf Stapledon	634
Die Meistersinger in 1940. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	635
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	636
CROSSWORD	636
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Cynicus	638

THE WAR AND THE IDEAS BEHIND IT

THE counter-offensive, for which we had all been hoping, against the Italian invasion of Egypt has made a prosperous beginning. The British plan was for a combined attack from the sea and air in support of daring movements over the desert by our mechanised forces, which include a Free French contingent. The Italians hold an equilateral triangle of which the sides are about fifteen miles in length; the base faces the sea and the apex is among the low sandhills to the south. Our wide encircling movement, starting from Mersah Matruh, had to cover 75 miles: it smashed the apex of the Italian fortified position, and then swung round to the west of the base line, which the Fleet meanwhile was battering. The results of two days' fighting included the capture of 6,000 men and some tanks, the destruction of twenty-two planes, and the cutting off of two Italian divisions from their communication lines and the main body. Mr. Churchill's tone in describing these operations suggested that General Wavell is risking a major offensive, albeit with forces that are numerically inferior. The delay in starting this attack is accounted for by the necessity of sending a strong force from the R.A.F. to back the Greeks in Albania. Though we must not forget that the Italians in Libya had been preparing their invasion for years past, it is possible that their *morale* is no higher there than in Albania, while their communications, both by land and sea, are excessively vulnerable. Meanwhile, the attack goes well in Albania. The Greeks, whose advance shows method and caution as well as dash, are rejoicing over the capture of Argyrocastro, an even more important base than Koritza. From Santi Quaranta they are driving the Italians along the coast road northwards to Chimarra, nor has their advance ceased among the snows of the mountains west of Pogradetz and along the shore of Lake Ochrida. The Duce's reaction to defeat is to purge the high command of all three Services. All the more conspicuous of his military leaders, from Balbo to Badoglio, have either been sacked at their own request or fallen out of planes, presumably also at their own request.

Italian Fascism is no doubt still a long way from cracking, but the time has come when propaganda becomes all-important. The Italian people, as little militant by nature as any in Europe, have for the third time been driven by Mussolini into a purely predatory and vainglorious war. They fear and despise the Germans, who alone are likely to benefit by their fighting. Does our foreign propaganda department fully exploit this situation? Does our Foreign Office still hope for a modified Catholic Fascism in Italy under the Royal House, and does it even now boggle at the notion of a popular revolution in Italy? We fear that it does not rejoice as it should at reports of Communism spreading in the Italian army. The story of the last five years shows that British Capital has very considerable psychological and material stakes in the Fascist regime. Even now our propagandists seem to pull their punches when it comes to telling the Italian people how they are exploited by their own rulers.

A revealing example of the confusion of British foreign propaganda occurred this week. Hitler's speech last Tuesday contained the declaration that "if we lose this fight then it is the end—the end of the German people." The B.B.C. very properly commented that Hitler knew that Germany's defeat would be the end of the Nazis, but not at all the end of the German people. The value of this comment was, unfortunately, undermined by Sir Robert Vansittart's overseas broadcasts, which, as Mr. Vernon Bartlett remarked in the House of Commons, contradict everything we are supposed to be fighting for. Sir Robert's ideology seems to be almost as childishly racial as that of the Nazis. The German people, he suggests, are by nature aggressive and detestable. They are responsible for wars; they always plot the destruction of their neighbours. Sir Robert's history is wildly astray. At most periods during the last five centuries his predecessors would have used just his phrases about the French; it was they, after all, who tried to conquer Europe under Louis XIV and Napoleon. It was they who were our traditional and unchangeable enemy—until they happened to become our ally against the

Germans, who had helped us to defeat the French at Waterloo. For a period it was the Russians who were the unregenerative and barbaric power which had to be tamed. Let Sir Robert look in the archives of other Foreign Offices; he will discover that in many countries Britain, expanding over the face of the earth, has been the aggressive and insatiable barbarian. No, the world has had enough of this nationalistic folly. It offers no hope for the future, and even on grounds of tactics in this war it is suicidal. It justifies Hitler in telling the German people that we contemplate their destruction and a peace more blind to mankind's needs than Versailles. What else does Sir Robert mean to suggest? Presumably he encourages the war aims of the present Polish leaders, whose desire to revenge German cruelty to Poles will be one of the most difficult problems of peace-making. The Poles seem to envisage ruling over a large German population —with great opportunities for another Hitler—and also making war on the U.S.S.R. to recover territory largely inhabited by Russians. This type of political thinking has ruined Europe for centuries. When the British Government makes its promised statement of war aims the essential is to emphasise that the settlement of Europe must be primarily economic. Frontiers are of secondary importance. Hitler's taunts are justified unless Britain, which cannot reconquer Europe by mere military force, intends to encourage popular revolt in Germany and in the enslaved countries, and offers instead of Nazi unity a new international order based on a determination to overcome national separatism by guaranteeing the economic prosperity of the common people of Europe and its colonies.

The Balkan Chessboard

The main tendency of events in the Balkan Peninsula since the Greeks exposed the weakness of the Italian aggressor, has been to stiffen the will of the Bulgarians to maintain their neutrality against Axis pressure. There is reason to believe that they have withdrawn the troops that menaced Thrace, thus enabling the Greeks in their turn to throw all their forces into the Albanian campaign. It is said that they have also suggested to the Turks a mutual withdrawal of troops from the Turco-Bulgarian frontier at Adrianople. But a curious diplomatic by-play is going on round Bulgaria's relations with the Soviet Union. Popular sentiment among the peasants of this fundamentally democratic country is strongly Russophil, and it is reported that Moscow has offered Sofia a treaty of mutual military assistance, which is said to be baited with an offer to expand Bulgaria at the expense of the Turks to the old Enos-Media line and at the expense of the Greeks down to the Aegean coast. The Germans, to counteract Russian influence, are suggesting that Stalin is repeating here his Baltic tactic; that he also demands a Bulgarian port on the Black Sea and that he will eventually swallow Bulgaria as he swallowed the Baltic States. The Russians are more genuinely worried by the danger of German bases on the Black Sea. A complex game of propaganda and counter propaganda is in progress. The only certainties are that Moscow fears Germany's advance and that British and Greek diplomacy can encourage the tendency of the Balkan Governments to unite against the Axis, even if they see the wisdom, as Whitehall seems incapable of doing for many days together, of endeavouring to enlist Russian support.

Economic Notes *(from an Industrial Correspondent)*

As I move from place to place, I get a very strong impression that the supplies available in the shops bear little or no relation to present population. A number of provincial towns, reputed to be relatively safe from air attack, are not only stuffed full with evacuees from London and other danger areas, but have also become market centres for large bodies of evacuees in surrounding villages, as well as for soldiers and airmen stationed in neighbouring camps. In places of this sort there is a serious shortage of such things as cigarettes and —what is more serious—of cheese, biscuits, tinned foods, and other things which are necessaries to people living in small flats without household help. Presumably some attempt is made to adapt supplies to changes in population; but do those who are responsible for the unofficial rationing of shops take account of people who use these towns as market centres, but are not registered in them for fully rationed supplies? My strong impression, based on a comparison of a number of places, is that they do not, and that even changes in registered populations are very imperfectly allowed for. At the same time, supplies are being cut whilst purchasing power flows in abundance. Those who have capital are getting in reserves of all those goods in which a shortage is about to develop or whose price is being raised by a new tax or for other reasons. The factories are at liberty to distribute their decreased production as they wish, and, indeed, it would not be possible because of the movement of population to do it otherwise. It is to be feared, however, that this also will benefit the shops of the well-to-do. All these facts cry out for rationing.

* * *

The purchase of surplus merchant tonnage from the United States Government and from private owners in America should do something to relieve immediate shipping difficulties—though some of the ships available for purchase will take some time to put into serviceable condition—but it clearly cannot solve the long-run problem. Unless we can find effective ways of coping with raider and submarine, the solution will have to be found in a vast expansion of the shipbuilding programme. This will have to be done largely here and in the U.S.A., as Canadian yards are said to be occupied mainly with orders for war vessels. Repair work, at the present rate of damage (as distinct from actual sinkings) is bound to put a considerable strain on home yards; and shipbuilding capacity which was put out of action before the war by Shipbuilders' Security, Ltd., cannot be easily brought back into operation. At present, merchant as well as naval shipbuilding is under the care of the Admiralty; one cannot help doubting whether plans for new *merchant* tonnage are being laid on a sufficient scale, and that proper steps are being taken ahead to ensure an adequate supply of skilled labour. Shipbuilding skill, once dispersed, is very difficult to reassemble or to replace; and I suspect a tendency to push merchant building into the background on the plea of the urgency of the demand for small naval vessels. This latter need is, of course, very great. What I am asking for is not diversion of plant from naval uses, but the extension of total capacity to the furthest limit.

* * *

A section of the Cabinet's secretariat of economists is now at work on the problem of "paying for the war"—that is, of devising a more logical financial policy than is at present in existence. I hope they will tackle the problem on lines different from the daily brooding over the "gap" between revenue and expenditure. Under war conditions the ordinary checks of "Treasury control" cannot work because they are purely negative: yet, when the Treasury is forced to take a back seat, the consequence is that war finance becomes nobody's business, and there is no effective scrutiny of the contracting methods or costings systems of the separate departments. The argument that this does not matter, as long as we stick to 100 per cent. E.P.T., is just nonsense. It matters a great deal; for there are countless ways of tucking away sums (for emergency capital expenditure, and so on) where the tax-gatherer cannot get at them over the veto of the supply departments. If we had taken the war industries under public ownership at the start, and paid only fixed sums to the pre-war owners, war finance would, in this field, have been a relatively simple matter. If we had started with a rational wage-policy as well, the financial problem would have been still further simplified. As we have still done neither of these things, the muddle becomes worse every week; and, whilst official propagandists try to cheer us up with reports of the mounting totals of voluntary savings, whilst they try to mislead the public by claiming that the Savings Movement has removed the danger of inflation, the Government has recourse more and more to inflationary borrowings from the joint stock banks. All this would not matter if we had efficient direct controls at our disposal, especially rationing. As it is the poor are about to be put under pressure once more. Sir Kingsley and Lord Woolton regularly give kindly warnings to those who have capital reserves to get in stock whilst the going is good.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow only the publisher or newsagent with a permit to post printed matter to certain countries. Readers are free to post to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

INDIA'S PART IN VICTORY

THE news that penetrates the curtain of the censorship behind which lies India grows steadily more painful and disturbing. This peninsula is morally in revolt and the answer of our Government is repression. The tactics of coercion were adopted long before Mr. Gandhi resorted to his campaign of verbal opposition. The Defence of India Act was used to round up everyone whom the Anglo-Indian police viewed with suspicion, or disapproval—Trade Union officials, the devoted men who try to organise the helpless peasantry, the followers of Mr. Subhas Bose and other similar groups, to a total of many thousands. To these less conspicuous and involuntary prisoners are now added the leaders of the Congress Party, beginning with Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru. There are now among them no less than six Prime Ministers of provincial governments, including the sober and moderate ex-premier of Madras, Mr. Rajagopalichari. Twelve members of their Cabinets are also in prison. It is fair to point out that these men challenged authority by delivering anti-war speeches. That only adds to the gravity of our situation: we shall soon have in prison cells all the men who ruled over eight of the eleven provinces of India, and it may be assumed that in opposing us to-day they still have behind them the electorate that gave them a majority three years ago. The same attitude of revolt was expressed in a less dramatic but none the less disquieting form, when the All-India Legislative Assembly threw out the new taxes designed to finance India's share in our war. The majority was a narrow one, but it must be remembered that this Assembly is packed with nominated and official members. That the Congress members voted against our war taxes is not surprising: what is startling is that the Muslim League helped by its abstention to deal this blow to our moral standing. Bitterly as they differ, Congress and the Muslim League agree in exposing any pretension on our part that we rule India and conduct this war with her consent.

The tragedy of this situation, if the professions of our Government are sincere, is that it could have been avoided: we try to hope that it can even now be remedied. As everyone knows, Indians are solidly opposed to all the acts and ideas of Nazism and Fascism. But Mr. Chamberlain's Government challenged their self-respect by declaring India a belligerent, as if she were our inanimate property, without seeking her consent. Congress then asked us to state our war aims, and told us that for it the question whether this is a war for empire or a war for freedom would be decided by our reply to India's claim to self-determination. An offer was then made that went some way towards meeting this claim, first by Lord Zetland and again in a slightly more generous form by Mr. Amery. It was rejected for different reasons both by Congress and the Muslim League. Even the Indian Liberals, a small but able and very moderate party, found it unsatisfactory.

Before we examine this offer that failed to reconcile India, let us consider what is at stake. Ministers probably have good grounds for their calculation that in the material sense we have no serious physical opposition to fear. Congress has a divided mind: it will not help us till we meet India's claim, but neither will it actively promote a Nazi victory. It is unlikely, therefore, that it will resort to civil disobedience. We can levy our taxes, imprison this nation's leaders and govern seven of its eleven provinces by undiluted autocracy. This is a possible but an anxious feat and it would manifestly be imprudent to reduce our garrison rashly. Here, then, is the first loss we suffer. We are outnumbered in Egypt and the Sudan and have had to evacuate Somaliland. If a reconciled India were enthusiastically with us, we might be able to bring from India several Divisions of British and Indian troops to defeat the Italians. In this abysmally poor country we can always hire troops and munition workers, though for this latter purpose we have had to make use of a measure of industrial conscription. But all that is most intelligent and self-respecting in this nation stands aloof: the best of it neither volunteers for our army nor throws itself into the industrial effort. We lose in this way a reinforcement which cannot be measured by experience, for India has never yet regarded any of our wars as her own national concern. The Sikh leader in the ranks of Congress said that if he were satisfied with our offer, he would undertake to raise a million Sikh volunteers. That was a picturesque exaggeration: but even a tenth of that number would make a splendid army. Mr. Rajagopalichari, who is now in prison, said that if we would grant India a national government, she would make good for us what we had lost by the defection of France. We shrink from attempting to estimate precisely the contribution of a willing India, but it is certain that we are throwing away the services of a great ally.

When we turn to the imponderables in this situation, our loss may be even greater. Few Englishmen listen to the German wireless: it has been our unpleasant experience to hear it gloating in all the languages of Europe over our Indian record: some of its statements were exaggerated and all of them were malicious, but in the main its facts were correct. Steadily these facts, that admit of no contradiction, have sunk into the minds of its hearers, Germans, Austrians, Frenchmen, Italians and the rest. There could be no worse preparation for the message we may one day send out, when we are ready to undertake the liberation of Europe. "Nothing would so certainly win Europe," said an able Austrian refugee in our hearing, "as the news that India was free." The same news of arrests and opposition, told without exaggeration and without malice, goes to the American press. Judging by some leading articles we have seen, not all of them in papers of the Left, it has the depressing effect that might be expected on the sympathies of a nation which has our fate in its hands. The India Office is sending a distinguished personage on an American lecture tour to counteract this impression: the facts will be against him, for our prisons will grow fuller while he talks. Finally, has this spectacle no effect upon ourselves? If Britain fights on, whatever happens in India that is because the issue is still survival and the preservation of our island liberties. But when we try to hope that the suffering and ruin of this war will be compensated by something better than mere survival and something happier than the world-wide anarchy out of which this struggle arose, this failure in India sets us doubting the creative capacity of our statesmen, if not their sincerity. As surely, the reconciliation of India would give us courage to expect success in the immense constructive task that will one day face us in Europe.

It matters, then, what our offer was. Broadly, on a favourable construction, it seemed to mean that India may hope to become a Dominion, after a pattern of her own choosing, when the war is over. But it was obvious that if we sincerely mean to concede so much then, we ought to be willing to grant a good deal now. Indians have listened to our vague talk about the goal of Dominion status through twenty years of struggle and repression, until they are sick of the sound of the words. Congress asked plainly for the formation of a National Government now, to carry on the war as our ally and to prepare the future constitution. Our offer was not negligible, but while it did imply some growth, perhaps a considerable growth of Indian influence over our policy, it fell far short of handing over the reality of power. The Viceroy would select a number of leading Indians, to whom he would offer seats on his Council, with executive posts in some cases, perhaps (for this was not clear) in all. The Viceroy's Council is often described (as the B.B.C. described it) as a "Cabinet." That is a misleading comparison. Its members, most of them Civil Servants, are heads of departments, who form a standing committee which considers policy with the Viceroy and advises him: but it has no collective responsibility: the whole executive responsibility is centred in the Viceroy, who may reject the advice of any member as to his own department and of the whole Council on broad matters of policy. It has, of course, no responsibility to any elected body. In the enlarged Council the status of the Indian members would be no higher than that of the Civil Servants who would sit on equal terms with them round the table.

In this offer Indians saw not even a step towards responsible self-government. Technically their view was correct. On the other hand, it may be argued that if leading Indians had risked entry into the Council, even on these terms, the Viceroy would have been rather slower to reject any "advice" on which they were substantially agreed, than he would be to reject that of an English civil servant. If on a grave issue they tendered their collective resignation, an unpleasant crisis would face him. That is the best case we can make for this half of the offer. We do not find it convincing. When eight provincial governments tendered their resignations, the Viceroy with the Home Government's approval let them resign and reigned as an autocrat.

The other half of the offer was that the future constitution of an Indian Dominion shall be determined immediately after the war mainly by Indians themselves. That sounded promising, though the method was not defined with any precision. But there followed at once a qualification which, in the circumstances that face us to-day, destroyed the value of the offer. His Majesty's Government gave an undertaking that if any considerable minority took exception to the form of constitution that emerged, it would not be required to accept it, and need not fear that it will be "coerced." Now it may be that in such a case coercion would be morally unjustifiable. But to say this with such solemnity in advance was to place in the hands of each of these minorities a right of veto over the will of the majority. Here was a barrier against any further progress towards self-government. The signal was understood in this sense by the Muslim League, the Princes and the European community. Over-ruled in this way from the start, Congress

which has 70 per cent. of the electorate behind it, pronounced the offer worthless. Too scrupulous to coerce a minority, we are now coercing the majority without a sign of hesitation.

This impasse arose because Lord Linlithgow selected the Muslim League as the sole spokesman of all the Muslims of India. It is a powerful organisation and it has in Mr. Jinnah an able and dynamic leader. But it has (or until the other day it had) virtually no following in the provinces where the Muslims are strongest—the Punjab, Sindh and the Frontier Province. Less than a quarter of the members elected by Muslim constituencies at the provincial elections belonged to it. It claims that in the recent months it has greatly increased its membership, and this may well be true. Under the distinguished patronage of the Viceroy it has become, after Congress, the greatest political power in India. We have chosen to standardise the extremist position of Mr. Jinnah as the sole Muslim opinion we recognise. Now between the views of Mr. Jinnah and those of every other Indian party, including those of other Muslim organisations, no compromise is possible. Mr. Jinnah denies that there is an Indian nation: for him there are "two nations," Muslims and Hindus. He demands their separation, and the creation of an independent Muslim Ulster. This scheme appears to have no mass support behind it in the main Muslim area of the North-West. Failing this solution, Mr. Jinnah's demand is for parity with the Hindus, not in rights but in actual power. He will have no truck with democracy, if that means that a Hindu majority can always vote down a Muslim minority.

Stated in these terms the controversy is insoluble. It is also in our view unreal—only our policy, in the past, which stressed this classification of men by creeds, has caused it to overshadow every substantial issue in Indian politics. No one has ever questioned the claim of Muslims to equal rights, civil, political and cultural: for these the Hindus offer every imaginable guarantee. Theirs was never a persecuting religion. The recent pose of the Muslim extremists, that they are an oppressed minority, is merely ridiculous: they govern four provinces and have a share in the government of all the rest. A scholarly Muslim theologian is actually the president of Congress. In every burning issue of Indian politics, whether agrarian reform, taxation, or the improvement of the social services, creed is an irrelevance: the real divisions lie between peasants, labourers and debtors, landlords, employers and usurers. It would be possible, given goodwill, to circumvent this feud. Mr. Amery has made some interesting and promising suggestions. In the future constitution of the Dominion he would assign fewer powers to the federal Centre than in Sir Samuel Hoare's abortive Act, and more to the provinces, whose haphazard boundaries he would redraw. Instead of grouping the voters in separate constituencies by religion, he proposes functional representation, so that all peasants, Muslim and Hindu, would vote together, as would men of other occupations. These are hints for Indians: it is not for us to decide: before they can be of any real help, we must first break out of Lord Linlithgow's blind alley. There can be no progress till we make a new offer.

On the assumption that the old offer was sincere but clumsy, we venture to advance these proposals for consideration:

(1) To make a new atmosphere we should at once release all the Congress prisoners unconditionally.

(2) We might then accept the offer of those distinguished moderates, Sir T. B. Sapru and Mr. Jayakar, to mediate. But we shall have to bring in other Muslim leaders and organisations to balance the intransigent Mr. Jinnah. Would Congress also select new representatives, capable of bringing fresh minds to the problem? Lord Linlithgow's talents are not for conciliation. Should Mr. Amery go out to India; alternately, would a few key men from India come to London?

(3) We ought not to fear either the name or the reality of a National Government. It can be achieved *de facto*, if not *de jure*, by instructing the Viceroy to recognise the collective responsibility of the Indian members of his enlarged Council. It would thus become in effect a Cabinet which might hold itself responsible to the Legislative Assembly. Indians on their side would have to reciprocate by meeting our difficulties as to the army command and similar matters, under a transitional agreement for the duration of the war.

(4) The pledge to grant Indians the right to determine their own Constitution immediately after the war should be embodied in a resolution to be passed at once by Parliament. The text of it must satisfy reasonable Indians before publication. It should stipulate that all Indian creeds are entitled to equal rights, but it must arm no minority with a veto. In the meanwhile, India, through her National Government, should enjoy all the rights and dignities of a Dominion in determining the policy of the Commonwealth during war and at the settlement. Better still, we might confer on her the name and privileges of a Dominion now, leaving to the early future the elaboration of the Constitution.

Something of this kind we shall do, if our offer to make India a Dominion at the peace was sincere. We shall not do it, if we were merely using Mr. Jinnah as a tool who will always relieve us from the obligation to fulfil an awkward pledge. But if we expose ourselves much longer to the suspicion that we are playing the old game of *divide et impera*, we shall risk the loss of India in a far from distant future, and in the meantime we shall postpone and cloud our victory in this war.

THE WAR CABINET AND PARLIAMENT

IT is the genius of any legislative assembly to develop a personality of its own which it seeks, if it can, to maintain in independence of the executive power. That quality has been most apparent in the political systems of America and Republican France, where the desire to baulk the President or the Cabinet has always been a central motive of behaviour. But even with the House of Commons, so organised, normally, as to be dominated by the Cabinet, the principle holds. Parliament works badly unless it has the opportunity effectively to criticise and to oppose. Without that opportunity, it does not feel itself. It is constantly searching for the occasion on which to affirm its own essence. It is uncomfortable unless it can function in a medium of which itself it helps to define the perspectives.

Something like an effort to discover this medium is apparent, or beginning to be apparent, in Parliament to-day. The House is not altogether happy under the Churchill régime. Divisions are meaningless; attacks on Ministers are a difficult and delicate matter; the haze of secrecy obscures a good deal of work that members would prefer to do in the light of day. The conditions are absent which enable the private Member to attain, by any of the normal roads, the reputation of being a good "House of Commons man."

The Churchill Government has passed through three pretty clearly defined phases since it took office last May. In the first, which ended with the fall of France, it was regarded with some suspicion by the majority; Mr. Churchill was more often cheered by the Labour Party than by his own supporters, and it required both the extremity of danger and the full exercise of his own transcendent powers to enable him to control it; I add that the loyalty of Mr. Chamberlain to the new Cabinet has no small responsibility for its survival. The second period lasted from the fall of France until mid-October. In those weeks, the Government was the unchallenged master of the House. Not only danger, but the spectacular triumph over its grim implications, left the Cabinet almost wholly free from the need to consider the impact of its actions upon the House. Men were stricken into silent humility by the sense that, even if negatively, Mr. Churchill and his colleagues had won their way through one of the decisive battles of world-history. In this second period, they, and above all the Prime Minister himself, were the nation incarnate. No one would have listened to attack upon its principles.

We are now slowly entering the third period; and one can, I think, begin to detect a new note in the debates. The honeymoon between the House and the Cabinet is over. The nation feels, in its bones, that the supreme danger has been met; and the House is beginning to infer that its functions of criticism and opposition may be renewed. The latter function, of course, is difficult when the classic formulae are suspended by the existence of a coalition from which only the I.L.P. and Mr. Gallacher are excluded. Yet the difficulties inherent in the situation are being tackled, if only half-consciously. Something that one can call the "spirit" of the House of Commons is being renewed. A sense is growing that the Cabinet is not entitled to have it all its own way. The genius of a legislative assembly is in process of renovation.

That can be seen in a variety of ways. Above all, perhaps, it is obvious from the manner in which ministerial statements are received; on aliens, on shelter-policy, on the conduct of the war, on economic organisation, the tendency, from all sides of the House, to criticise, to be impatient of easy generalisations, is obvious. It is clear, again, in the growth and temper of supplementary questions; few Ministers can shelter themselves to-day, as they could have done three months ago, behind the fact that they are Ministers. It is clear, further, in the way in which the House responds to an effort to state a case against the Government: if one of half a dozen Members were cast in a bigger mould he could easily to-day form a little band of Adullamites the composition of which would cut across all parties. The House looks for leadership independent of its masters. That is why a good speech, Mr. Latham on aliens, Mr. Griffiths on war-aims, Mr. Shinwell on economic policy, is noted with especial satisfaction. Members are beginning to get tired of the platitudinous Minister, of the flamboyant Minister, of the Minister who, clearly enough, does no more than accept the instructions of his officials, of the Minister who thinks that criticism of his effort is disloyalty to the country. In

a real sense, the House is going to remake a considerable number of reputations in the next six months; and it is going to make them for itself, independently of Mr. Churchill's views.

The hold of the Prime Minister on the House is, of course, very great, and deservedly so. Everyone recognises the immense services he has rendered to the nation; and everyone feels that he is a great "House of Commons man." But Mr. Churchill is approaching a critical period in his administration. He stayed criticism by the magnificent way in which he organised the survival of the nation. But now men's minds have passed from the problems of survival to the problems of victory; and the effort he makes will be scrutinised far more narrowly. He can prevent that scrutiny—which is in itself desirable—only by a revival of acute danger, on the one hand, or by a diet of great triumphs on the other.

Either is unlikely for some time; and, accordingly, it is the growth of criticism that he must expect. The mass of accumulated grievances will find their spokesmen. The Ministers who cannot meet those grievances will be attacked. There will be demands for positive statements in this or that realm of policy where, so far, the Cabinet has performed a remarkable ballet of elegant evasion. And pretty soon Mr. Churchill is bound to encounter the inherent difficulties of a coalition which seeks support from Members so diverse as Lady Astor and Mr. Shinwell, as Sir Herbert Williams and Mr. James Griffiths. At some stage soon, Mr. Churchill has got to be more than a great Commander-in-Chief; he has also to begin to be a great Prime Minister. And it is as he begins to develop the outlines of a definite policy which is to lead to victory that his real problems will begin. For it is at that point, also, that the genius of the House of Commons will begin to assert itself as a force that he can only control by continued successes. Without them, the House will begin persistent analysis of persons and of principles; and there is always a moment in the life of a Parliament when the weight of analysis warns the House and the country that a government has outstayed its welcome.

Mr. Churchill, of course, is far too experienced a Parliamentarian not to be aware of these dangers. Some of the changes he has already made in the personnel of his administration show that he knows how to meet criticism that is approaching the danger-point; and, with two or three exceptions, he has authority enough to make the further changes that will undoubtedly be required. Enough warning-signals, too, are being sounded to make him aware that he cannot safely continue to devote himself so wholly to strategic questions, if only because these are intimately related to domestic problems about which the House is naturally restive as every debate shows more clearly that the Cabinet has no unity of direction about them. And there is a public opinion outside which is slowly forming, the impact of which on Members of the House is even over-due; attention will have to be paid to that also. Groups are forming of private Members to push their particular nostrums—always a sure sign that the basis, at any rate, of discontent is there. Vital though his preoccupations are, Mr. Churchill must realise that no man in this country dare be unattentive to the streams of tendency in the House of Commons. He must give it victories to celebrate or great measures with which to occupy its time. On any other terms, an abyss will open between his government and Parliament of which no man dare predict the outcome.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A LONDON DIARY

FEW things happen nowadays that are both happy and exciting. For that reason the Chaplin film ought not to be confined to three West End theatres with a general release promised for next February. Everyone will want to see it, and everyone will be happier, and braver, for seeing it. It is worth millions of pounds of official propaganda. Its appeal is genuine and universal—the ideal Christmas present, as the advertisements say, for old and young. Never was Charlie more truly Charlie—perhaps he would be even better if in his dictator part he was not still so unmistakably Charlie. Those who like custard pie will be satisfied—plenty of it and most of it hits Hitler, Mussolini and the Storm Troopers. You are not given time to cry in the ghetto scenes, but the meaning of the persecution of the Jews has never been better shown. Charlie is the Jewish barber and Hitler's double. He is the little man in apotheosis. In *Modern Times* we saw him struggling helplessly in a vast mechanism of industrial society; in this film he defies the dictators and finds himself for a moment in Hitler's place. This time, instead of spitting hatred in comic German, the Führer makes a terrific appeal to us all to play our part in the fight against cruelty and tyranny.

Press discussion of coming changes in the B.B.C. and Ministry of Information have been largely based on guess work. War is the time for liaisons rather ethan regular unions. The B.B.C. will not be merged in the Ministry, nor, I believe, will Mr. Ogilvie retire. Sir Walter Monckton is likely to change his job, but he is not likely to be the new liaison officer. I foresee an arrangement whereby the B.B.C. under Mr. Ogilvie will maintain its control over the entertainment side of its work and lose much of its responsibility for political and propagandist broadcasting. A new executive may be set up in the Ministry of Information to look after much of the political broadcasting. It will be a disaster if this means more Foreign Office control, but it whil be technically an improvement if it means the end of the present muddle of authorities, all with the right to interfere in foreign broadcasting. If the man can be found, the ultimate solution is a Minister of Information in the War Cabinet with final control.

* * *

Under the conditions of the party truce men are put into Parliament without either their constituents or the general public knowing anything much about them. A seat in the House of Commons becomes a plum for a good boy. Take the case of Mr. Peter Bennet, the latest of a long line of Chamberlainites, put into Parliament by Captain Margesson and his friends. Mr. Bennet belongs to the most reactionary clique of Birmingham entrepreneurs, the kind of men whose domination of post-war England Mr. Keynes feared when he wrote in the *Economic Consequences of the Peace* of the hard-faced business men who came into power in the disastrous election of 1918. He is one of the protagonists of the decadent monopolism which was so sedulously protected after 1931. As President of the F.B.I. he negotiated the pact with the Nazi State Controls in March, 1939—a pact which was killed by Hitler's entry into Prague. The point of that pact was an agreement to co-operate with the Nazis against United States business in South America. The negotiations were illuminated, you remember, by the glow of Sir Samuel Hoare's optimism. Mr. Bennet so little understood the forces at work that he did not break off the negotiations even after the occupation of Prague two days after Sir Samuel Hoare's speech about disarmament and the coming Golden Age. In this he was merely following a consistent policy; if Munich was the right way of avoiding war and re-establishing British capitalism, there was no reason to take offence at Hitler's further advance in the East. When war came Mr. Bennet was rewarded by being made Controller of Tank Production. His control was so unsatisfactory that Mr. Morrison, too cautious in these matters as Minister of Supply, decided to make do without him. Thereupon he was taken over by Lord Beaverbrook in the Ministry of Aircraft Production. Now he represents Edgbaston after Mr. Chamberlain. The choice seems suitable. But Mr. Churchill, who is now head of the Tory Party, should take heed of the results of strengthening this reactionary element in the House.

* * *

The Northampton by-election more nearly conformed to the original theory of democracy than any other I have known. No advertising, no appeal to the interests of the electors, no shouting. Mr. Seamark, the butcher Pacifist, seems to be simple and sincere; he has seen the light and felt it his duty not to hide it beneath a bushel. His election address contained no politics except those that followed from his interpretation of Jesus Christ. In his circulated election address, he referred, I understand, to Coventry and the evils of bombing, and counter-bombing, but relied on a simple appeal to Christian principle. On polling day he served as usual in his shop. In spite of (or because of?) having no campaign, he received over a thousand votes in a town which has had no bombs and which has not done at all badly since the war—rather a remarkable result. There is a strong Nonconformist tradition in Northampton; it is amazing how the influence of an independent and striking character like Bradlaugh perpetuates itself through several generations. This anti-war opposition was not one that the Communists could support and they had instructions not to vote for Mr. Seamark. His vote must be considered the honest-to-God support of a small minority which thinks little about the complications of politics; it is apparently larger than the left-wing anti-war group which scored less votes in an industrial area when the candidate was Harry Pollitt!

* * *

Two correspondents have written indignantly asking why I suggested that if Mr. Gandhi found himself in a position of executive responsibility he would find it possible to modify or postpone his absolute pacifism. The answer is two-fold. The responsible head of a State finds himself compelled to defend that State just as he must use the police against law-breakers. As a weapon of resistance I believe that

non-violence can be of immense power; it nearly ended British rule in India. But it is not a technique of government. In the unlikely event of Mr. Gandhi accepting power on the basis of a non-violent majority, he would have a difficult choice. If he disbanded the armed forces he would not maintain the power given him, because people who did believe in force inside and outside India would take over government from him. I think (again assuming that Mr. Gandhi accepted responsible office) that he would compromise. I have had several talks with Mr. Gandhi and the strong impression left on me is that he is a very practical man whose principles are by no means as inelastic as some of his followers imagine. He is an astute politician as well as a saint, and he is well aware of the dangers and difficulties of undefended independence in a gangster world. I think Mr. Gandhi would find reasons for allowing soldiers to continue the protection of India.

* * *

A progressive Conservative might prove an excellent chairman of an Aliens Tribunal. Some Conservatives are in such matters much more progressive than many "progressives." But Mr. Morrison's appointment of Sir Francis Lindley to examine the record and opinions of interned Italians is really inexplicable. Sir Francis is a pleasant enough person to meet, but he holds opinions which would, I should say, automatically compel him to intern a man who served in the International Brigade. As Ambassador at Tokio he was one of the most active protagonists of a pro-Japanese policy. In a recent pronouncement he remarked that he could not understand how any intelligent person could be pro-Chinese! If it had been announced that Sir Francis himself had to appear before a Tribunal so that his opinions should be examined before he was allowed to hold any further public position during a war that is supposed to be waged against Fascism, I should have thought it very right and proper. As the chairman of a Tribunal to examine refugees he is surely fantastic.

* * *

The binocular appeal is a comic little example of the mixture of cajolery of property and nagging of labour which passes for war economic policy. The forces by land, sea and air are in urgent need of this equipment. It is quite obvious that the lives of serving men and of civilians may hang upon the use of these instruments. There are thousands of pairs of binoculars in the possession of the well-to-do up and down the country. This is a clear case for compulsory purchase; owners should be ordered to hand them in at the nearest police station within forty-eight hours. What did the Government do? It put up that old sportsman Lord Derby to make an appeal to sportsmen to be sportsmen, and leisurely negotiations are now proceeding through the medium of the *Times* to establish the exact terms on which the owners may graciously part with their property. In the meantime it is hoped that the enemy will be sporting enough not to perform any hostile evolutions outside the range of the naked eye. As far as economic policy is concerned the Cabinet have been looking through the wrong end of the binoculars ever since the war began.

* * *

In the train, from a fellow-passenger, I heard this story. He was passing by car through the dock area of "a town in the West of England" one evening last week when a terrific raid overtook him. The wardens stopped him, forbade him to go either forward or back, and directed him to a shelter. Presently, close at hand a furious fire broke out. He went and offered his help to the men who were working, with hands far too few for the job, to deal with it. "What county do you come from?" was the astonishing question he had to answer before they would accept his help. When he confessed that he came from Worcestershire instead of Gloucestershire, his services were rejected. And why was that the wrong county? Because he might have been injured, and then his own county would have refused to pay compensation. He withdrew to his shelter, wondering not a little, while the fire blazed away.

* * *

The B.B.C.'s obituary notice on Kubelik began "Jan Kubelik was one of the first musicians to make records for the English gramophone companies." The subsequent references to his artistic career were incidental to this quintessential fact. One of these days the B.B.C. will refer to God as one of the first persons to have his speeches published by the Oxford University Press.

* * *

I hear that the outside expert on business organisation called in to investigate the B (Aliens) Branch of the Home Office has recommended the introduction of typewriters and filing cabinets, and the diversion of the Thames through the stables.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to E. H. Bayly.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The collapse of France occasioned little real surprise to those acquainted with her social history in the past 20 years. Since 1920, France has been drinking heavily.—*Ashore and Afloat.*

Mr. E. T. Rhodes, opposing Sunday opening on Sabbatarian grounds, said it was true that the war was being fought on Sundays, but if it could be confined to week-days, he was sure we would be more successful and peace would come more quickly.—*Yorkshire Post.*

Parents who want their children to grow up into good patriots are concerned over a recent circular issued by the Board of Education which says a teacher is at liberty to hold any political view he likes.—*Daily Sketch.*

Lord Perry said that one of the only rewards that Government or society could give to people whose small homes had been destroyed was to provide "decent-looking gravestones" for their relatives who had been killed.—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE REPLANNING OF LONDON

The replanning and rebuilding of London has taken hold of the national imagination and is occupying an increasing amount of official attention. While public opinion is still fluid it seems a useful moment to examine the Plan which at present holds the field. The approach to the problem adopted in the Bressey-Lutyens report is said still to find favour with the authorities. Indeed if the war were to end now, this Plan might even be put into operation. Miss Denby, who writes on this subject with unusual authority, discusses in this article how far this Plan meets the needs of Londoners or provides for London's development during the next 30 years.

IT was, of course, unfortunate for Sir Charles Bressey, C.B., the eminent engineer, when he and Sir Edwin Lutyens, K.C.I.E., P.R.A., F.R.I.B.A., were appointed in 1934 by the Minister of Transport

> to study and report upon the need for improved communications by road (including the improvement and remodelling of existing roads) in the area of Greater London, and to prepare a Highway Development Plan for that area, incorporating, so far as is practicable and desirable, schemes already planned or projected,

for those narrow terms of reference were as good as a strait-waistcoat. What about airports, railways, coastal and inland water traffic—the four, inextricably inter-related aspects of the same problem?

Still, two experienced men of courage and resource might have been expected to know when and how to clap telescopes to blind eyes, how to indicate the size of the problem and the magnitude of the proposals which they would have to make if the solution was really to meet the estimated needs over the next 30 years of that area of 1,821 square miles which is contained within a radius of 25 miles of Charing Cross.

The survey, together with the plan of action which was recommended, took three years to complete. The Highway Development Survey, 1937 (Greater London), was published in 1938, and was received with an almost unanimous chorus of ecstatic praise. But a careful study of this most important inquiry, on which the future shape of London will largely depend, has put me in the embarrassing position of the peasant who, alone among the fawning courtiers, exclaimed that the Emperor's clothes did not exist!

The astonishing statement is made in paragraph 2 of the Report that "it should be observed that, as far as the London County Council area is concerned, town planning operations may exercise little direct influence on highway development, seeing that the County Council have so far pursued the policy of excluding from their plan all new roads and road improvements"! So much the worse for town planning, but so much the easier for Sir Charles and Sir Edwin.

Yet their superficial diagnosis and commonplace prescriptions for the cure of this great dropsy would be laughable if it were not also so tragic. Here is one of the most pedestrian reports it has ever been my ill-luck to examine. Stale facts are sedately enumerated: statistics are given of the increase in traffic and the immense growth of population of Greater London, with the trek from the inner to the outer areas; the main centres of traffic congestion are listed and duly deplored; motor trips across London are timed and card-indexed; the number of vehicles passing certain points are counted; and so on, *ad nauseam.*

Somewhere an ingenuous comment is made on "how remarkably the travel habit has developed among Londoners during the past 30 years"! It has apparently not entered the surveyors' heads that

the increasing ugliness and inconvenience of London, its rotten planning and inefficient servicing may be responsible for unnecessarily driving its citizens further afield, that this exodus could be arrested, this waste eliminated by a real, an imaginative plan for the physical regeneration of this great city. For physical beauty depends in the long run on the bones of the body, their shape and proportions and relation each to the other—spiritual beauty is something different and apart—and the bony structure of a town lies unquestionably in its Highways plan.

Let us come down to the remedies proposed in the Plan. Roads, roads, and yet more roads. Parallel roads, radial roads, arterial roads, service roads, by-passes, viaducts, tunnels, vehicular subways and new roundabouts galore—no fewer than 150 in the Central London Area alone!

The more closely one examines this Master Plan, the more fantastic does it become. In the opinion of many Londoners, two of the most unworthy streets are the great artery leading from the Bank of England west to the Marble Arch, and that leading from the National Gallery north by Tottenham Court Road to Highgate. No wonder, some say, that they change their names so often: but no alibi can alter the mean ugliness of most of their trailing length. Is it proposed to turn these two decrepit streets into superb highways bordered by wide pavements, trees, shops, restaurants and flourishing commercial premises? Not a bit of it. They are to remain unchanged and "relief" roads are instead to be driven, one wrecking the magnificent residential area which includes Bedford and Gordon Squares; the other destroying the remnants of aristocratic domestic Mayfair, ploughing through Grosvenor Square and ending in a triumphant dead-end in the middle of Park Lane.

Victoria Street and the Strand—equal in ugliness—are also unchanged: hardly one of the great decayed London highways is even touched by a breath of improvement. The policy is to break great *new* roads in every direction, through areas which have so far managed to keep intact their family character, their trees and quiet gardens; gobbling up that rare bird, a central playing-field; turning the Embankment from Battersea to Putney into a speedway for cars and heavy traffic; straddling great viaducts over quiet homes in Kensington and Walworth; burrowing a tunnel under Kensington Gardens. The approaches to stations, markets, exhibition halls and stadia are largely ignored; the opportunity to regenerate and open up the East End with superbly planned boulevards equal in quality to that great Roman thoroughfare, the Whitechapel Road; to arrest the migration of trade from east to west which well-planned arteries would go far to counter, are disregarded. The outskirts of London are ruthlessly encroached on, the few tracts of near-by unspoilt countryside wiped out by these coarse hands.

And, when all is said, what for? Is the idea only to get people and goods *into* London and *out* of it again at top speed? To make a town fit to live in, or fit only to get out of as fast as possible? To have the maximum number of traffic arteries that can be crammed into a given area, or to have the fewest, the easiest, the most efficient and economical?

Look at this Plan carefully for yourselves. See if this summary is not a masterpiece of understatement.

What, you may well say, may be done in the circumstances? These two gentlemen found that Greater London was "subject to rapid and incalculable transformation." All the more need for hurry. All the more need for a Plan great enough, a vision wide enough to understand the unpredictable, to overtake the runaway. And the only way to do this is to disregard effects and get down, deep down, to the underlying causes.

The essentials are clear and complicated. They need simplifying.

1. All this to-and-froing within the 25-mile radius of Charing Cross is due to work or to play. How much of it is necessary? How much can be eliminated by better planning?

(*a*) There are twelve independent main-line railway termini in Central London. How absurd! Amalgamate them into four stations, for the north, south, east and west of Britain. Link them up underground, so that a man may travel from John o' Groats to Land's End, from Anglesey to Dover, without changing his compartment. Put the shunting yards and goods warehouses underground, so that goods traffic, too, may be "through," and at one blow hundreds of thousands of passengers and loads of goods are taken off the overcrowded London streets in their frantic hustle between Paddington and Liverpool Street or any other of the twelve.

(*b*) The eighteen great airports ringing London must be linked with the centre. Best, possibly, to do this through the Underground, with one of the great redundant railway-station sites turned into a landing ground for autogiros.

(*c*) Traffic arteries must be constructed to link up these four new railway junctions, the docks, the markets, the great exhibition buildings, the stadia and other places of mass entertainment. But great roads must be as few and not as many as possible; as far as practicable, existing commercial roads must be used, must be made modern, beautiful and convenient, however shabby they have become through ill-use and long service. Where new roads leading out of London are *essential*, the old railway lines might be utilised, or at least the roads might run beside them, for these are unsuitable neighbours for residential property.

(*d*) Crossings and junctions must be meticulously planned. Because of the change of gradients, which could add so much to the beauty of London, the "clover-leaf" type, so successfully used in Stockholm as well as America, would give the easiest and most unimpeded flow of traffic in all directions, the central sector could be lucratively developed with exquisite architectural effect, and the under-top-road levels could be used for well-designed, remunerative car parks, easy to enter, easy to leave, central and safe.

2. So much for the bones. But there is also the splendour of London to be displayed. Its cathedrals, churches, great city halls, magnificent public buildings, delicate exquisite architecture hidden down back streets, waiting for the speculator's pick-axe. There is the River and the Cinderella ring of canals waiting for their potential beauty to be recognised and turned into London's playgrounds and the envy of the world. There are the parks and open spaces, ready to be linked into great wedges of green, piercing from every side right into the heart of London. There are domestic, residential areas, unique in Europe, threatened by the speculator, needing protection or re-development on equally lovely lines.

The outcome of any approach to Highways Development carries with it the implication of the nationalisation of London's land. It would certainly mean that "betterment" would have to be strictly related to "compensation." But the result of an imaginative plan would be a gilt-edged investment for London.

One had, of course, hoped that from the ashes of these two Knights would spring another and a greater Wren. They appear instead to have tackled their great task in the spirit of a couple of speed-mad sixth-form boys who have just got their first motor bikes. To them a town—even London, the historic capital of the British Empire—is no more than a place to rush through as fast as possible; certainly not to *live* in. They have not tried, at least they show no signs of having tried, to disentangle beauty from ugliness, order from confusion, effects from causes, to analyse and assess relative values, to apply any standards of value at all.

Before that cliché "Planning" gets into its stride again after the war, let us hope, whatever we are in for, that something will first happen to scuttle the Bressey-Lutyens Highways Plan for London.

ELIZABETH DENBY

CAN FARMING SURVIVE?

II

THE previous article called attention to the danger of assuming too readily that the future of British agriculture will be assured after the war. It dealt with some of the obstacles at home and stressed the fact that now was not too soon to begin overcoming them. This article is concerned with international aspects affecting the future of farming in this country.

We cannot ignore such considerations. Even if farming gained its point by persuading the rest of the community that it must never be allowed to slide into neglect again; even if we were to succeed in building up a vigorous and efficient rural civilisation, the ground thus won would not be really secure if it rested only on the narrow base of planned prices for food in this country alone. We cannot turn ourselves into an oasis of prosperous, protected farming surrounded by a desert of semi-bankrupt agriculture in other countries. For the day would quite surely come, the day of depression, with unemployment and wages down and pressure for an "economy campaign" insistent, when the hard-pressed consumer or taxpayer would insist upon the removal of the subsidies, tariffs or fixed prices or whatever the machinery might be that caused him to contribute, directly or indirectly, large sums to sustain home agriculture. Such depressions are usually accompanied by the phenomenon of unsold food surpluses abroad, waiting to be jettisoned at bankrupt prices,

and that would make the fate of British agriculture nurtured on too artificial a basis all the more certain. We must plan and act internationally, and if it is to be the privilege of the English-speaking races to give leadership to the world at the end of this war, here is a problem crying out for bold, imaginative action. If the leaders of agriculture approach it from an attitude of greed or selfishness and from the standpoint of the village pump, they will defeat their own ends. But if they will consider the problems of farmers in other countries—and two-thirds of the population of the world are concerned with food production—an opportunity opens to restore the status of the food producer that has become submerged in so many countries, at the same time as they lay sound foundations of a new world order designed to serve the arts of peace.

There have been hopeful signs. Before this war, it was a group of Birmingham business men who produced a remarkable memorandum that called attention to the lost buying power of potential overseas customers that the world-wide slump in farm prices brought about in 1929. Even at home, British farmers are estimated to have lost £250,000,000 of their capital in the four years 1925–29. The 1929 slump in wheat prices, it is said, reduced the buying power of the world's wheat growers by £100,000,000 in a single year. It is a mistake to believe that only farmers in England have their financial problems. Between 1930 and 1938 assistance to farmers following the 1930 crash cost Australia, Argentina, France, Germany, Italy, Great Britain and the United States 4,434,000,000 dollars in schemes for assistance. At the Sydney Conference, Mr. Paul F. Bredt revealed debts amounting to 177,954,000 dollars among farmers from all parts of Canada, with assets amounting to 126,499,842 dollars. Taking 100 as the index of agricultural income for 1926, the income for the years 1929-35 of farmers in Manitoba fell to 34.88, in Saskatchewan to 29.34, and in Alberta to 45.91. To take only one example in the United States, the cotton farmer who had paid his interest with one bale of cotton in 1929 had to grow four bales to pay it in 1932. In Australia, the well-known South Australian economist, Mr. F. S. Alford, has shown that the interest charge on the farms he analysed was 1*s.* 5*d.* per bushel of wheat, and the average price of wheat over the nine years up to when he made that calculation, in 1938, had been 2*s.* 9*d.* per bushel, although it cost 3*s.* 4*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* to grow it. In New Zealand, the Hon. F. Waite told the Sydney Conference that between 1928 and 1931 export prices fell by 43 per cent., but farm costs by only 9 per cent. At one period breeding ewes in New Zealand were fetching 5*s.* per head when pullets were fetching 10*s.* per head.

These agricultural catastrophes, that could be recounted of so many other countries also, have been a leading factor in a world-wide retreat from the land. Great Britain lost 250,000 workers in 15 years; in New Zealand, attempts to subsidise farm wages failed to bring men back to the farms in the desired numbers; in Germany, France and many other countries the same process has gone on. Wages have not been the only cause; men refuse to stay, however well paid they are, in a place where they are bored and in Britain, at any rate, we must do more than just pay them higher wages if we wish to attract the right type to agriculture. But low wages, arising from inadequate farming receipts to pay better, have had much to do with what was amounting, before this war, to a world-wide peasants' revolt against the conditions imposed upon the producers of the food for mankind.

I have recited this gloomy tale of widespread misfortune not to provoke more crocodile tears on the farmers' behalf, but because I find it full of grounds for optimism. If all other farmers were doing well and only British farmers seemed unable to prosper, the outlook in this country would indeed be grim. We should either have to give up farming and turn the land over to pheasant shooters and week-enders, or else turn the whole system so completely upside down that we probably should not see daylight for years and almost certainly would make some pretty ghastly mistakes in the process. But when things are really black is usually the time to begin looking out for the dawn, if only because men simply will not put up with such conditions any longer; and, fortunately, the world must have its food. Now, therefore, seems to be a unique opportunity for the farmers of Britain to take joint action with the farmers of other countries, encouraged by the hope that common misfortune is a potent producer of common sense. There is certainly not much sense in exploiting the land to grow more and more food if the only result is to hasten the arrival of the bailiffs.

Some steps have been taken. The wheat and the fruit growers of the world now meet in regular conference, and if the result has not so far been very impressive, the important thing is that they should have attempted it in the spate of economic anarchy that has existed. The British Government has attempted something of the sort with its system of quotas in general and the Empire Meat Council and the International Beef Conference in particular. Economists seem to hate quotas, although I have never been able to discover from them very good reasons; so do confirmed Free Traders. But the quota, wisely and co-operatively used, is a potential means of planning world supplies and ironing out gluts and shortages, a far less vindictive manner of stabilising domestic production than the alternative of high tariffs. It is queer to find Free Traders objecting to it on the grounds that it puts money into the pockets of potential overseas buyers of our manufactured goods. It was interesting to find Dominion producers, who raised many objections when quotas were first introduced, considerably alarmed later on when there was some talk here of abandoning them. These same producers subsequently endorsed, at the Sydney Conference, "the adoption of advanced marketing methods including the setting up, where advisable, of Empire commodity boards." One of the main objects of these boards is to plan production and marketing so that the economic disasters of great surpluses are avoided.

This highly significant step is surely a pointer to the future. It showed that the producers of the world can get together and form a nucleus for co-operative action which other countries with the will to co-operate must be invited to joint. It will not, of course, be easy to plan world production on such lines. To take our own country, such questions arise as: Are we to encourage wheat growing if Canada or U.S.A. can grow it better; or, how far should we try to be self-supporting in eggs or meat.

Everything will depend upon the attitude of mind. If we approach the problem from the standpoint of: "How must we farm to keep the land healthy and in good heart," remunerative corn-growing in Britain is, on a limited scale, essential. We cannot produce good grass over the greater part of our country without the aid of the plough, and corn cannot be eliminated from the arable rotation. But if we bolster up unlimited corn production in this country, or egg or meat production for that matter, merely in the name of economic nationalism and for the sake of saying we grow it all at home, we may as well cease dreaming about a better planned world and prepare for the next war. But every nation must obviously have the right to put proper use of its land first in its programme, otherwise humanity will one day face universal starvation and the common peril will bring home to us the lesson of caring first for the soil when it is too late to profit by it.

Among the good results of the present war is the fact that it is making people more internationally minded. It is teaching us physical and commercial geography, and also it is speeding up the pace of events. The Sydney Conference was a landmark, but already it is becoming difficult to think of a world in which the British Empire and the United States are in opposite watertight compartments. It has emphasised the common interests not only of the United States and Canada but of the whole English-speaking world. Unless the war ends much more suddenly than the most optimistic expect, the U.S.A. and the British Empire must almost certainly draw closer together, and events are making it more likely every month that that great country will have a part to play in the conferences and trading arrangements that will have to take place when it comes to clearing up the terrific mess. Nor, I think, will action be confined to the English-speaking race; in fact I find rather an unpleasantly Nazi flavour in such a conception of the future world we hope to build. We must restore prosperity to the nations of Europe now under the Nazi heel (it might well be one of our proclaimed war aims), and enable Central Europe to obtain the food of which "Guns before Butter" have deprived her for now so many years. This would not be mere altruism. It would be good business. For the food policy imposed upon Central Europe in preparing for this war was responsible for much of the choking of the trade channels of the food-exporting countries. That, in turn, reacted unfavourably upon trade in general, as the Birmingham business men pointed out. We can, if we like, call the restoration of prosperity to Central Europe a crusade. Actually it will be no more than common sense.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

THE ARMY FILM UNIT

THE War Office has appointed a producer to take charge of its Army Film Unit. This young man, who has made some successful films in Britain after a Hollywood training, has great opportunities before him. He can influence future generations. He can make history.

The Army is the only one of the Services to have its own film section. The Navy and the Air Force do not recognise the film as a

propaganda medium worthy of its own establishment. Until this new appointment, the Army Film Unit functioned very much as a sort of extra newsreel unit. It was also said to be taking thousands of feet of film for official record purposes, although it has never been disclosed who chose the events to be filmed and why they were reckoned worthy of filming. For months the two chief technicians of the Unit have been young men who in peacetime worked hard and long at making documentary films. One was my cameraman for nine years; the other an assistant of more than usual efficiency. To these two young men, who were later joined by two others, was left the responsible task of recording the war. Through no fault of theirs, the Unit lacked guidance and direction, largely because films were an unknown medium to the higher-ups. They were not, perhaps, taken very seriously outside the Public Relations Department, of which the Film Unit is a section.

Many of us remember the films of the last war; flickering records that gripped us because of their very authenticity. In the early part of the war they were taken by free-lance cameramen and sold to cinema-managers on a cash-down basis. William Jury, head of Jury Imperial Pictures, did most of the renting. When the Ministry of Propaganda was formed under Lord Beaverbrook, Jury took over the film section. Aiding him was Albert Clausenberg (now Sir Albert Clavering, of the Conservative Central Office and National Publicity Council). Together they donned uniforms and sent overseas cameramen to take films on active service. Those films later became the property of the Imperial War Museum, by whom they were entrusted to the Stationery Office. In ten post-war years, commercial producers paid £10,000 for the use of duplicate scenes from this unique collection.

Since the present war began, many of those trained in the use of the film for documentary and propaganda purposes have urged the War Office to recognise the vital part that film records can play not only in current propaganda but for future historical use. The War Office, however, seemed satisfied that the facilities it granted to newsreels were all it needed in the way of films. They seemed unable to visualise the magnificent films that lay ready to be made—The Men of the Tank Corps, The B.E.F. in France and a score of other dramatic subjects. At last, however, a properly qualified producer has been appointed. If he can overcome the not so much prejudice as ignorance of films on the part of the War Office, this new producer can build up a whole new weapon of attack. But he must recall that the Select Committee on National Expenditure's recent report on films said:

> The fighting Services have in a general way declared their willingness to provide facilities but in practice few facilities have been obtained . . . the fighting Services have not fully appreciated the value of propaganda as an integral part of the war effort.

But that was in the feverish days of Dunkirk. By now the brass-hats have probably had the time to reconsider their attitude towards the weapon of propaganda. They may realise that this Army Film Unit could have four important functions if films are to be used in their proper way.

First, the Unit can produce dramatic documentary films of the Service, films of the quality of *Men of the Lightship* and *Squadron 992*, produce one a month and send them into every cinema in the United Kingdom and to America and other neutral lands. Second, it can produce training and instructional films for use in the Army itself, a valuable task this for which the film is specially suited. Third, a separate section can film events specifically for historic record, often of things which for official reasons cannot be shown publicly now but will be of immense value in the future. Here more than a producer's skill and military knowledge are needed. Surely expert sociologists, historians and representatives of the Records Office should have their say in the nation's history? Fourth, the Unit can improve relations between commercial film producers and the Army, from which big entertainment films with special propaganda appeal might result. The new War Office Film Producer showed in *Men of the Lightship* how well he understood and could portray on the screen the British character, whether in terms of humour, toughness or grim determination, to battle down the inhuman methods of the enemy. Now let's hope he will seize this chance to throw on the screens of all democratic nations the real character of the men of the British Army.

To do this he has ample resources of technical skill and creative ability. Apart from the members of his Unit, he has within call numerous experienced makers of documentary films who have already been conscripted into the ranks and who are now not allowed to make use of their skill. As the months go by and calling up proceeds, he will be embarrassed by a wealth of talent, all eager to make use of their specialist skill in film-making. With Army backing and with imagination, there could be produced half a dozen answers to Hitler's film of Poland, *Baptism of Fire*. This new appointment is a welcome step in the right direction.

PAUL ROTHA

WAR-FARE

THEY cook the news
At G.H.Q.s,
They flavour at B.U.P.,
They keep till high
At the M.O.I.
And they serve through the B.B.C.

SAGITTARIUS

GOODBYE TO RAILINGS

EVERYBODY except myself seems in the last few months to have developed a furious hatred of railings. "Pull them down—or up," they say, not merely because they may provide useful material for war industries, but because in themselves they are hideous things, whether around houses, parks or public squares—things which you will never find in the more civilised cities of the Continent of Europe. A few architects have protested that there are some railings that are beautiful and that ought to be spared in the general scrapping; but even they condemn the ordinary railings as ugly and uncivilised. My own view is that, if the removal of railings will help to win the war, railings must go, but that we should part with them reluctantly and should realise while doing so that, whether ugly or not, railings have been the protectors of some of the most beautiful things in the world—privacy, peace and isolation.

Some years ago, I remember, Mr. Lansbury proposed to pull down the railings round Hyde Park, and the proposal was accompanied by the sinister suggestion that it would be wise to build new roads through the Park in order to relieve the traffic congestion of London. It seemed to me at the time that, if the railings were to go, Hyde Park as we know it would also disappear. It would have become a mass of streets with patches of green here and there. No longer could a weary Londoner have entered its gates in the hope of escaping from the din and the crowdedness of London. It is true that there has always been a certain amount of traffic—even continuous traffic—in the outer lanes of Hyde Park; but the gates and the railings stood as a warning that it was a private place, a green precinct of withdrawal from the clamour of the streets, a plot for ever to be preserved from the encroachments of the great wen of London.

I am strongly in favour of such warnings on democratic grounds. London, as we have seen in recent years, is a monster, eating up every green thing that stands in the way of building more roads and more cosy cottages. Look at the Great West Road and the Kingston By-pass, and you will see what London does when she is given a free hand to do what she likes with grass. I wish some one in power years ago had railed off half the exits from London and put up boards at each of them announcing "Trespassers will be prosecuted." This would have given the speculative builders pause and compelled them to recognise that they could enter the grassy places only on condition that they did not lacerate the face of the country.

There were unfortunately few prohibitory railings in the country. It would have been easy at the time, by railing the houses off at a distance of from two to three hundred yards from the arterial roads, to keep these roads a perpetual countryside as lovely as the park round the Falls of Niagara. But England has always been a Rabelaisian country. She offered herself to the speculative builder as an Abbey of Thelema. "Do what you will," she said, and the speculative builder did so.

Luckily, at an earlier period, there were a number of rich men of taste who built themselves charming houses round squares of green and enclosed the squares with railings. To me, when I came to London first, these and the parks and the Thames and the traffic of horse-buses and hansom-cabs, were the loveliest sights of a strange and foreign city. The squares on a spring day, with their greenery of tree and bush and grass, were oases of nature in an urban wilderness. In recent years many people have said: "Let them become playgrounds for the children"; and others have gone further and said: "Pull down the railings." I agree that the squares should be made playgrounds for children, but only on condition that their greenness should, so far as is possible, be preserved. I once lived in a city in

which, with the best possible intentions, a green plot was thrown open as a playground for children without restrictions. Within a month or two the place had been trampled into a piece of the Sahara with not a blade of grass visible. I hope when the squares of London are thrown open, as they ought to be, some means will be found of enabling the beauty of childhood and the beauty of green things to exist together. And I should like the railings—if not needed for the war—to continue as a reminder that a square is meant to be, not a place of as-soon-as-possible destruction, but a place of perpetual delight.

As for railings round houses, what a boon they are, however ugly they are! When one passes behind them, what an escape it is from the prison of the outside world! Privacy is obviously one of the great needs of urbanised man, and what better symbol of privacy can he have than railings with, perhaps, a holly bush, a few laurels and rhododendrons, and a cypress to protect himself against the tides of urbanisation? It is an old saying that an Englishman's home is his castle, and one of the characteristic features of a castle was a moat. The suburban villa-dweller's railings are his moat—his English Channel against invasion. They may have lost their value from a utilitarian point of view, but they still retain their poetic significance.

To say this may seem to convict one of unsociability. But who is there who could endure life without being unsociable for at least a part of it? Who could welcome strangers from morning to night, saying "Come in, come in" with unflagging enthusiasm? Who could invite the children of his neighbourhood to use his garden at all hours of the day and to make as much noise as they cared to make? Even in one's own house one has to escape now and then into solitude. This is not a mark of hostility to the family but of the human necessity to be sometimes alone. One of the curses of extreme poverty must be the inability to creep away at times into a quiet corner. I remember many years ago seeing a play about an eighteenth-century dramatist in Grub Street—called Giblets, I think—who had to write his plays in a garret, surrounded by a wife and squalling children, and I doubt whether Shakespeare himself could have written *As You Like It* in such an environment. Company is good, but there are times when lack of company is better. To rail oneself off is at such times to be next door to Paradise. The happy family is built on a combined foundation of isolation and collective security.

One of the chief difficulties that arose in connection with billeting during the wartime evacuations was, I am sure, this passion for privacy. People who had achieved it in times of peace thought with horror of having strangers, however agreeable, thrust upon them and occupying their sitting-rooms and dining-rooms for an unforeseeable number of years. The possibility that the strangers might not be agreeable—and some of them were not—made the prospect seem worse. Even in time of peace an unwelcome guest may be an intolerable burden. I have felt near swooning-point when one of them, sent round by a friend who thought that we were both interested in the Balkans and therefore ought to know each other, merely dropped in to tea. I love company, but I like to choose my company, and I should much prefer to be railed off from the other people.

There have been excellent men who have thought that, in a spirit of Christianity and love of human equality, we should be ready to welcome any human being at all at our table. Many years ago, an American clergyman wrote a book called *In His Steps, or What Would Jesus Do?* in which, if I remember right, the Christian Socialist hero felt in duty bound to invite the maidservant to sit down at meals with the family. This, I admit, was a noble symbol of equality, but it was as much a violation of the natural desire for privacy as if he had invited a neighbouring millionaire who shared none of his interests to become a permanent guest at his table. Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted Earl—each of them is an invader, a destroyer of intimacy, of privacy, unless he happens to be a friend. I have no prejudice either against the sons of Dukes or against the sons of cooks, but, unless I feel an affection for them, how much rather I would be alone!

I fancy that some of the gloomy reminiscences of public schools that appear nowadays are due to the fact that the writers were not allowed to be alone sufficiently in boyhood. The day-boy, like myself, does not suffer from this compulsory gregariousness. We can choose solitude or company as soon as the three o'clock bell has rung. We can either retire behind the railings of our home, or escape through the gate of our home into the company we love. To me this has always seemed to be an inestimable benefit. The school railings may be a symbol of servitude; but the home railings are the symbol of freedom—both the freedom of privacy and the freedom of company. There are probably many things to be said in favour of boarding-schools, but nothing to equal this.

Hence, let us do justice to privacy and to all the railings, palings and hedges that secure it to us. I like even the spikes that you sometimes see in Ireland on ground-floor windowsills in the streets to prevent talkative passers-by from sitting on them and so violating the privacy of the home. Every house, it seems to me, should be as a precious gem set in the silver sea, with none but friends admitted. Railings have for long helped symbolically to achieve this happy condition. They are now, I fear, on their last legs, but, before they vanish into the ultimate melting-pot, I for one should like to bid them an affectionate farewell. Y. Y.

ANGLO-POLISH BALLET

IT is nearly five years since I saw *Les Sylphides* performed by an international company. Few of us thought, turbulent as Europe was then, that the next time we should be watching dancers moving to the same melodies would be in a bombed and siren-vexed London. Who would have imagined Poland—a once-more obliterated Poland—as our ally in those days? Or thought it possible that ballet could go on in the midst of modern air bombardment? And yet, on Monday afternoon of last week at the Apollo Theatre, there was the curtain rising in a Shaftesbury Avenue already scarred by high explosive, other theatres in ruins around us, and scattered through the stalls Polish soldiers and airmen, wearing British uniforms with only small badges to distinguish them from our own countrymen. It was impossible not to feel the strangeness of the occasion. And the melancholy with which the texture of *Les Sylphides* is shot was enhanced by a change of decor: instead of the traditional glade, the backcloth represented the Summer Palace in Warsaw—farther away for many on the stage and in the audience than any enchanted wood of Fokine's dreaming.

If the first impression was nostalgic, a very different mood prevailed towards the end. The Poles seemed bent on reminding us that, sorry though their present plight is, their peasant nation has wells of vitality to draw from, and has risen from great catastrophes in the past. This was the theme of a little fable that closed the Divertissement, Czeslaw Konarski's *Maciek is Dead*. With the transfer of the scene to their own land, and the introduction of traditional Polish steps, a new life seemed to come into the company; the story of the peasant who leaps from his death-bed to join in the funeral celebration when a fiddler begins to play under his very ear, was delightfully mimed and danced. This sketch was a curtain-raiser to the chief ballet of the afternoon, *The Cracow Wedding*, already famous on the Continent. The Wedding turned out to be a brilliant and growing display of colour and rhythms that swept the audience with it; it was essentially Polish; and the choreographer had sacrificed nothing of peasant vigour in his fashioning of a work of art. The scene brought to mind hardly less gorgeous costumes I had seen at village celebrations in Eastern Europe; and it struck me, not for the first time, how much closer the arts are to ordinary life in the Slavonic countries than in our own industrialised community.

There is no doubt that the Anglo-Polish Ballet is a remarkable company, and no one should miss the opportunity of seeing them before they start on their provincial tour. They are fortunate in having such distinguished Polish artistes as Czeslaw Konarski and Alicia Halama to direct them and dance for them, and when they have got into their stride—they have only been at work as a company for a few weeks—they should give even more finished performances than at present. They have an impressive array of Slavonic-sounding names, but in the case of many this is obviously a concession to tradition and the occasion; I seem to remember, for instance, appreciating the gaiety and charm of Alexander Walewski, the fiddler in *Maciek is Dead*, under a distinctly British name in *Les Ballets Trois Arts*. Alexis Rassine, who danced *Les Sylphides* on Tuesday afternoon with exquisite grace and control, is South African but betrays his Polish blood by that indefinable poetry in his art few Anglo-Saxon dancers seem to possess; yet Lelia Russel (from England) and Maria Sanina (from Ireland) in the same ballet showed what finish a training with the great Russian companies can give. In *The Cracow Wedding* the corps de ballet, and the individual dancers in its *Pas de Trois* and *Silesian Dance*, did magnificent work, but the honours went to Alicia Halama, Irena Popielska and Czeslaw Konarski, who reminded us by their performances not merely of the artistic vitality of a gallant people, but also of what the history of ballet owes to Poland's inspiration. J. L.

THIS ENTERTAINMENT PROBLEM

II

ENTERTAINMENT, as we saw, was given by the war, and especially by this strange winter of 1940, the status and dignity of a Problem. It is the business of the State, we know, to deal with Problems. But in this case, as in that of several other war-created troubles, the State had neither the experience nor the machinery for action. If there had been a National Theatre and Opera and Ballet (with its very necessary appendage of national touring companies) the nucleus of a unit able to keep drama alive and meet emergencies in capital and counties would have been in readiness. But the National Theatre was a hole in the road during the last war and it is a hole in the road still. Whether it has acquired "a better 'ole" by moving from Bloomsbury to Kensington may sometime be discovered. Meanwhile, the "Vic-Wells" organisation is, in fact, the National Theatre, but Whitehall hardly knows about that.

It was plain that people had to be kept in heart; rather less plain, at least to the Government, that a ruined industry had to be somehow mended and restored. As usual, everybody's business was nobody's business. The Entertainment Problem has been surveyed from various points of view and tentatively fingered by the Treasury, the War Office (not to mention the Admiralty and Air Ministry), the Ministries of Health, Home Security, Labour, and Information, by the Board of Education, by the Charitable Trusts, and by every publicist who knows how to win the war. Consequently, officialism has been busily concerned with the inevitable co-ordinating committees which inevitably fail to co-ordinate. A recent case in point has been the shelter concerts. C.E.M.A. began shelter concerts in London. Then E.N.S.A. came roaring in with its music-hall stars and its barrage of publicity. Next the Government decided that this was making the shelters too popular: dispersal, not aggregation, "Andersons" not Aldwych, was the policy. Therefore, send the music-hall stars back to their music-halls. Yet a few days later Mr. Formby's appearance in the Aldwych shelter was screamed to the skies, with a leading shelter official appearing as his sponsor!

So Policy has wobbled its way into this winter and it is still vaguely demanding that the public, military and civil, should be entertained. The State is presumably paying for the factory concerts which were initiated by C.E.M.A., were then taken over and expanded by E.N.S.A. at Mr. Bevin's suggestion, and are still receiving C.E.M.A. parties (i.e. more exalted music and musicians, usually very popular). That the State should arrange these in State-owned factories may be wise and just, but that it should subsidise the "pepping-up" of workers in profit-making concerns seems ridiculous. Many of the armament firms, to whose canteens and halls humourists and vocalists are sent with public money, are enormously rich and are probably gravely perplexed about the avoidance of taxation on excess profits. That they should dodge paying a few guineas a week for these charms of music, which are apparently most conducive to increased output, and hand the bill to the taxpayer is absurd.

E.N.S.A. has been much criticised for taking too low an opinion of public taste in the Services and in civilian life and also for underpaying its artistes. Its first choice of plays, when it could send these out to the troops, was certainly poor, but latterly the standard has been greatly tightened up. Most of the leading actors and entertainers, including Mr. Gielgud and Miss Beatrice Lillie, have been round the camps, and now, by arrangement with the best managements, the best companies on tour will also go to the Garrison Theatres. E.N.S.A., for example, will in due course present *No Time for Comedy*, with Miss Diana Wynward, Mr. Rex Harrison and Lillie Palmer; *Rebecca*, with Mr. Owen Nares; Lonsdale's *On Approval* with a star cast; Mr. Robert Donat in a new show; Mr. Vic Oliver; and all the West End favourites, such as Messrs. Banks, Sim, Harker, Hare and Drayton. "Old Vic" opera and ballet have also been utilised. Mr. Farjeon is arranging a new revue.

It must be remembered that, during the summer, the War Office did not want large or heavy shows "on the roads" and that E.N.S.A. was forbidden to take out plays. Small, very mobile concert parties were encouraged, and to find hundreds of first-rate pierrot troupes is not possible. As for rates of pay, E.N.S.A. has presumably tried to pay a little to a lot instead of more to fewer, which seems reasonable enough. Financial criticism can only be made with full knowledge of the facts. On the other hand, the business of excusing underpayment by talk about "war work" is vexatious. If the argument is not applied to people making munitions, why try it on those deemed to be inspiriting the makers of munitions? It is far too commonly assumed in wartime that artists and entertainers, unlike other people, are magically released from rents, rates and taxes and supplied gratis by the grocer. This is not the case.

Compared with E.N.S.A., C.E.M.A., the other implement of Policy in Entertainment, was a small matter: but it has far greater possibilities. (This Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, as was explained in the previous article, administers a fund jointly put up by the Pilgrim Trust and the Treasury.) E.N.S.A. is purely an emergency creation. C.E.M.A. began as such, but its attachment to the Board of Education has given it a different status, and its work for all the arts, though severely limited by the size of its establishment and income, has been of a quality to catch the general fancy and to arouse hopes that it will pass from the service of the wartime moment to a permanent position in our cultural life.

C.E.M.A. has been praised for its range of activities and also, inevitably, criticised for attempting too much with too little. There is some substance in that criticism. Its policy was a dual one from the start, to stimulate play and music-making by amateurs, and to preserve the highest standards of professional art by providing opportunities for the artist. Thus on the one hand it was endowing the great national orchestras (including the London Philharmonic Orchestra—and doing that long before a light brigade of celebrities were making their heavily lime-lit charge to the rescue of that excellent body) and, on the other hand, encouraging the housewives of lesser hamlets in the shires and the like to sing and be serene. C.E.M.A. worked through existing welfare and cultural organisations and gave grants wherever it discerned an impulse towards self-entertainment.

At the same time it has to be admitted that to endow the amateur is, very often, to endow incompetence. It is a form of social work that may be well worth doing on the whole, but those whose standards are aesthetic, not sociological, naturally dislike seeing funds which might have gone to preserve a great orchestra or theatrical company being devoted to the evocation of a village choir or of a rustic Hamlet. The outlook of what may be called the "professionalist" and of the "social-welfarer" cannot in the long run be reconciled. C.E.M.A.'s attempt to compromise has been extremely interesting. Probably the best way in the future would be to hand over all amateur activities to the beneficence of one charitable body (say the Carnegie U.K. Trust, which already does a great deal for them) and to make C.E.M.A. the acknowledged custodian of professional art.

Part of C.E.M.A.'s policy has been, at least until the intensified air war, to avoid the great cities and take the highest performance to places that have been starved of those things in the past. Thus the Hallé Orchestra, which has played up with splendid good will, has done a much-appreciated tour of north-western towns not usually so visited, and the "Old Vic" has been assisted to take two play companies and one of "miniature opera" round the mining towns of Wales and the mill-towns of Lancashire. It is now preparing a north-easterly extension of these voyages and, were funds available, other companies could be dispatched in several directions on similar errands.

The reception has been excellent. This business of creating a really national theatre which takes the stage of the Miners' Institute as naturally as that of the local "Hippo," has been both exciting, successful, and, on the whole, inexpensive. Premises are hard to get and mistakes have been made, that of undercharging being one. The "Welfarers," being strangely innocent about working-class snobbery, always think first of cheap seats for the poor, but the poor do not want to be so regarded and hate to be seen in the "sixpennies" if neighbours are in the "one-and-threes." Never make a thing too cheap in this country: people only despise it, if you do. This fact emerges, however. The welcome given at school matinées and in the evenings to plays and operas in towns which usually have only cinema for recreation has been remarkable, despite the difficulty of the time. The "Old Vic" is endearing itself to England instead of to London, and it would be a great social loss if such far-flung tours of orchestras, operas, and drama were now to be cut off.

Thus some phases of the Entertainment Problem are being met, or rather, some phases of the dual Art and Entertainment Problem. After the war, the Industry of Entertainment will presumably be left to look after itself, as has always been the case in Great Britain. But the experiments in "assisted" art, music, painting, and drama, for which C.E.M.A. has been responsible, have been so interesting and so fertile that it would be a scandalous waste to abandon an experiment which can be thus easily and cheaply conducted. We educate children in the arts for life: are we also to drive them out into a way of living from which art has, by public apathy, been almost wholly expelled? Some national surveillance and supply of the arts is the logical result of any national system of education.

IVOR BROWN

THE MOVIES

"The Great Dictator," at Prince of Wales Theatre and Elsewhere
"I Love You Again," at the Empire
"Gasbags," at the New Gallery
"Sailors Three," at the Gaumont
"Brother Orchid," at Warner's

The horse-laugh is to be heard again in our midst. The horse-laugh is one of those essentially English things I can enjoy whenever it rears itself in response to funny films, although even there it is liable to rise in the wrong places. I like it whether of the stallion or mare variety; and I like it best when it is eighteen rows away. Christmas is its festival. All five of the films listed above, even *Brother Orchid*, provide it with the nosebag it only gets once a year. It spreads itself at *The Great Dictator* (press view), which accommodates also the silent rippling diaphragm, the moist eye and the sudden scream that goes with clicked knees. It chimes in with *I Love You Again*, but here refined, delayed laughter gets its chance, too. It has a pretty good time with *Sailors Three* and a hell of a time with *Gasbags;* the last, in fact, filled the New Gallery with noises that began like a wild party (still of horses, remember) and ended with the groans of the very ill. Pantos may be rather short this year, but you are invited to leave out your children (except for the all-appealing Chaplin) and join the saturnalia. A note on *The Great Dictator* will be found on "Critic's" pages in this issue, and I hope to write next week at length about this film, which I expect to bowl over millions as it has me. Meanwhile, *book your seats.*

William Powell in *I Love You Again* is at his best since *The Thin Man;* Myrna Loy is there, too, charming but with a something lost, due possibly to the emergence of Rosalind Russell. The film is comedy, with stretches of farce when Powell crawls as a scoutmaster through the undergrowth or gets an elk's welcome from his home town. These unexpected situations descend on him as the result of amnesia. Amneezure becomes in his grasp (and out of it) a very funny thing indeed, and a bang on the head at the right moment is enough to change Powell I to Powell II, or back again, with no knowledge of the other state. Powell I is the con-man dandy, with a love of women and liquor, and no home of his own; the successes of Powell II, after an innings of nine years, take the direction of solid business, teetotalism, local politics, masonic lunches, owl-stuffing, and marriage with Myrna Loy which has guttered out in separate bedrooms. A crack on the skull sends Powell I in pursuit of the bank balance and the wife of whom he knows nothing. The results—if you have seen Powell for ten seconds on a screen—can be guessed. No actor exercises more charm in predicaments, and the tangle here, the revelations of abysmal virtue blocking every move, rouse him to a joyful performance. He feels his way here and there, fools, fouls, and makes love lightly as no one else can. There is one moment as he jogs on a dance-floor with an imaginary partner which is dizzy. Powell's performance, as usual, has a backbone of intellect that makes his wildest gesture witty. The tableau of the supposed teetotaller and invalid lying in bed with an ice-bag on his head from which, with no one looking, he abstracts a lump to mix a highball has an eighteenth-century touch. Though *I Love You Again* falls short of *Hired Wife* in fizzy talk, Powell makes it one of the best light films of the year.

Sailors Three and *Gasbags* are fairy-tales of the war, bulked out with comedians. The first shows three sailors (Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert, Michael Wilding), capturing a pocket battleship, with the best musical-comedy technique. Male underwear, the word "twirp" used once, getting tight, and jokes about getting off are softened by the nice-girl charm of Miss Carla Lehmann. *Gasbags* also goes in for male underwear, the word "twirp" used once, getting tight and jokes of all sorts from tattoed backs to cakes of soap slipped into the trousers, and altogether it is about as stag-party as any schoolgirl could wish. The Crazy Gang have never known refinement, and just as well. *Gasbags* is both more rudimentary and funnier than *Sailors Three.* The fairy-tale involves a balloon squad drifting over to Germany, concentration camps, impersonations of Hitler, secret weapons, and a return home in a land-submarine.

Gangster films that started with melodrama have passed through realism, comedy and farce until now, with *Brother Orchid*, they emerge on the side of sentiment. Some traces of this pedigree are a little obvious. *Brother Orchid* sets out from the farce period, with Edward G. Robinson at the centre, and such experts as Humphry Bogart and Allen Jenkins lending a sinister verisimilitude to the scene. Ann Sothern varies agreeably the usual idiocy and "it" of the blonde moll, and Ralph Bellamy is a towering mug from the country who loves his cows and the moll, too. Some of these early scenes, cutting off quick, are very funny. There follows the trapping of Edward G. by a gangster rival and a death-walk through the woods; period of *Little Caesar.* Edward G. is shot and crawls to the gates of a monastery, where he is welcomed by the brothers. Here the film reaches what it has been aiming at, comedy with a new tinge of sentiment, and the ex-gangster, now "Brother Orchid," among his new associates is delightful. Zinnia beds, shaven crowns, helping your neighbour and forgetting the newspapers now occupy his life. With one magnificent excursion when an old pal is given what was coming to him, Brother Orchid settles into his new life. Robinson, who has a personality round which one could hang daisy chains, keeps the different moods of the film together. Here more than ever he sets out to be lovable though tough, and succeeds.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Leila Faithfull at the Leicester Galleries

In mixed exhibitions during the last few years a picture by Mrs. Faithfull has several times caught one's eye, usually a modest, sensitive impression of some common sight such as a group sitting in a park. Now for the first time a one-man show gives one the chance to define her character as a painter. But this is not easy, for the variety of pictures exhibited suggests a lack of integration in her artistic personality. The works dating from her Slade period in the 'twenties naturally are Sladish and little more, but her mature paintings might come from three different hands. There are uncompromising portraits of women, in which one suspects a conscious pursuit of grimness. There are a few flashy pictures—the worst of which, *Lovers*, has a thick morbidity. There are the delightful notations of daily life, 2, 10, 12, 31, 35, and two little bathing scenes in which the artist has invented a scholarly and felicitous design. Mrs. Faithfull manages her modelling by means of high lights in a disagreeably superficial style. It is conceivable, of course, that she may in time turn this technique to good account, but her gift seems rather to be for sketches of *choses vues.* The best of these are quiet in colour, like the finely caught *Two Old Women and a Baby.* But *Allotment* and *At Fairford Settlement* are essays in the use of bright colours, which incline to "jump" but offer interesting possibilities. The large painting, *Open-air Café*, shows a sharp eye for odd details, which the artist might put to more frequent use. The final effect of the show, then, is that Mrs. Faithfull seems uncertain which part of her nature she should trust, and that her gifts are more conspicuous than her achievements. But she has painted some pictures that excite admiration, covetousness and hope.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, December 14th—
The Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queens Hall, 2.30.
Miss R. Kitainik: "Soviet Writers of To-day," British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1, 2.15.

SUNDAY, December 15th—
John Katz: "The New Individual in the New Society," Conway Hall, 11.
People's Convention. Speakers include D. N. Pritt, Harry Pollitt, Beatrix Lehmann, and others. Holborn Hall, 2.

MONDAY, December 16th—
Fabian International Affairs Group Snack Lunch, G. A. D. Tait: "Greece," 12 Gt. Newport Street, 1.
"The Great Dictator," Gaumont, Haymarket and Marble Arch Pavilion.

TUESDAY, December 17th—
W. R. Davidge: "The Reconstruction of London," Housing Centre, 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1, 1.
Dora Gordine: "The Beauty of Asiatic Sculpture," Warburg Institute, 2.30.

WEDNESDAY, December 18th—
Fabian Society Lunch. Speaker: Hugh Dalton, M.P., Minister of Economic Warfare, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Tickets 2*s.* 9*d.*, from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

Correspondence

THE TAX ON CAPITAL

SIR,—I am very glad to see from your last issue that the headlong growth of the national debt, and the reactionary influence which an interest burden of something like £600,000,000 a year must have on post-war social policy, is beginning to interest the public. In a leading article you mention the deficit "of some £2,000,000,000 a year"—which may well be more like £3,000,000,000 this year—and ask what is to be done about it.

Mr. Balogh, in a letter supporting my proposal for an advance tax on private capital fortunes during the war, points out that this is the only way to build up a sinking fund against the growing debt, and that it is the necessary corollary of cuts in consumption and huge borrowings for war and reconstruction. Have people yet realised that the Government, so far from repaying debt after the war, will have to go on borrowing for reconstruction works at a huge rate for several years?

Mr. Davenport, writing on what he calls "State Capitalism," also warns us, with wisdom and foresight, against the threatened post-war interest levy of nearly "£500,000,000 a year on the productive capacity of the nation, a tribute which we may be called upon to pay in perpetuity to the privileged few—the wealthy rentiers and the soulless corporations—who have invested their capital in Government bonds"—capital which they mainly obtained by inheritance anyhow.

Mr. Davenport rightly asks for a capital levy as the only way out. But the form in which he proposes it is surely rather crude, and his remarks about the Labour Party having given no thought to the matter are very odd indeed. He remarks flatly that "the official Labour Party has no solution to offer of this terrifying debt problem." Yet the Labour Party has officially published a pamphlet on war finance policy, which is mainly devoted to examining this very problem, and suggesting the specific remedy of a graduated annual wartime capital tax, and a graduated grand post-war capital levy. Mr. Davenport may be ignorant of this. But he should not simultaneously accuse the "Labour Party and their Trade Unionist Lords" of having "no solution of the national debt problem because they dare not think logically, because they are terrified of a New Order."

The carefully timed and graduated capital tax and levy which I proposed in my article in your columns three weeks ago, and which the official Labour Party pamphlet urges, is, if I may say so, more logical than Mr. Davenport's rather hit-and-miss plan for a 100 per cent. levy on all fortunes over £100,000. I have hopes that Mr. Davenport, will on second

thoughts, agree to this. He does not tell us whether his levy is to be during the war, after the war, some time or never. It is to fall, according to his words, at "100 per cent. on all fortunes in excess of £100,000." This would mean that one man with £95,000 would be left with the whole, whereas his neighbour with £101,000 would lose the lot! Even if Mr. Davenport meant to say, as perhaps he did, a levy of 100 per cent. on the *amount by which any fortune exceeded* £100,000, the plan—though doubtless attractive to anybody worth just under £100,000—is surely not a seriously thought-out taxation plan. The millionaires, for one thing, would be bound to evade it by wholesale gifts.

The only way to prevent this, and to observe all the recognised canons of taxation practice and equity, is surely to have a percentage levy which approaches towards the 100 per cent. on the very high fortunes only. I suggest that we should aim at an annual capital tax during the war, thus graduated, and averaging about 3 per cent. on all fortunes over £5,000, which should bring in about £500,000,000 a year; followed by a grand levy after the war, also graduated, averaging about 60 per cent. on such fortunes, which should bring in something like £10,000,000,000. Valuation should in both cases be done according to the recognised death duty methods, and the tax and levy should be payable in certain securities, and perhaps land, to avoid all realisation difficulties.

I hope that Mr. Davenport, like Mr. Balogh, would be prepared to support this general plan. Even Mr. Oscar Hobson, who criticises the wartime capital tax idea, recognises the urgency of the debt problem, and is apparently ready to support the post-war levy.

Every approach towards agreement on these issues is a great gain. So I am also glad to note that Mr. Hobson—and Mr. Rea Price, City Editor of the *Star*—supports the suggestion I also made in my article in your columns for a simultaneous restoration of the Dividend Limitation Bill, and cut in E.P.T. to, say, 90 per cent. Is not this common sense? And has the Treasury really any reason for not acting on these lines straight away?

DOUGLAS JAY

REPRISALS

SIR,—This matter of reprisals is, after all, one about which we have got to take a practical and selfish view, and consider ourselves first. The peoples of Coventry and Birmingham are not concerned to spare the German people—who must accept responsibility for their leaders whom they have failed to repudiate as we have failed to repudiate ours—so much as to escape further bombing themselves, and the real objection to reprisals lies in the fact that they merely result in further suffering, killing, and destruction for our own people.

If reprisals could put an end to air raids here we would all rise and insist on them, but we all know that when it comes, as it has come, to a demonstration of which side can hit the harder, Germany is at present in much the better position.

There is another aspect of the matter, of which I would remind Mr. Hyde. It is almost entirely the working classes who are suffering the horrors of this diabolical business; the comfortable and middle classes have mostly, owing to the facilities afforded them by their means, escaped.

Mr. Hyde's discourse about crimes against Society and the rest of it displays the common lack of understanding of the underlying causes of this war, and only goes to prove that, however erudite such people may be in other directions, they are not qualified to rush into print on this matter. When he has had his house and home destroyed—lost wife and children by cold-blooded murder (aerial bombardment of civilians is nothing else), as has happened to thousands of people in Coventry and Birmingham, including the present writer's intimate friends and colleagues, Mr. Hyde may be sufficient of a realist to express an opinion; until then I submit that such expressions are morally valueless.

Birmingham. A. MERCOTT

SIR,—Mr. Hyde can see with great clarity that the Germans did not feel to the full the effect of military defeat, and proposes that the little mistake made in 1918 be remedied now by the dropping of T.N.T. indiscriminately over large areas of Germany. He does *not* see, however, that the same formula is being applied to us. The Germans are probably quite convinced that the trouble with the English is that they have never had a war fought on their soil. They have, claim German propagandists, fought in every country in the world, except England. They therefore need to be taught a lesson, and it is proposed that the little mistake made in 1918 be remedied by dropping T.N.T. indiscriminately over large areas of England.

We therefore have the glorious and edifying spectacle of two nations each teaching the other that "war does not pay"—a lesson easily learnt prior to September, 1939, by the use of one of two methods; either a little common sense, or our own bombers. ALBERT ARMSTRONG

Surbiton.

"LEFT TURNINGS"

SIR,—Thank you for your note about the Left Book Club.

The name of the Club will not be changed. The Editorial in which the suggestion was made has achieved its purpose. With, in the main, the best intentions, but from a variety of intellectual and (especially) psychological weaknesses, certain men and women have adopted a policy which, if successful, could result only in the enslavement of the working class. They call themselves "Left," and honestly believe themselves to be so: but by their actions they have objectively ranged themselves with the extreme reaction. Henceforth, it will be impossible for anyone to imagine that the word "Left" in "Left Book Club" has suffered a similar degeneration. VICTOR GOLLANCZ

SIR,—With reference to your note on "Left Turnings," may I, in the interests of accuracy, quote the actual statement in the *Labour Monthly* on the question of invasion:

> It was well known and admitted by experts from the outset that the conditions were not yet present for successful invasion; that the attempt would have been a gift to the British strategists, a gift they would have been delighted to receive (hence their ever more impatient outcry "Why doesn't he come?"); but the by no means incompetent strategists of German imperialism refused to oblige them. . . .
>
> The British imperialist rulers knew very well that this was not a war for the defence of an island, but for the possession of an Empire. They knew that the control of the island was only one strategic element, and its people a pawn, in the battle for world domination. They knew that the question of invasion of the island was least likely to arise as the first act in this battle, with British sea power, air power and industrial power still intact; and that it could only arise as a practical possibility at a later stage.

How far a German invasion of Britain in the summer of 1940 was a serious strategic possibility (and the view that it was, under the existing conditions, a fantastic hypothesis which no intelligent German General Staff would oblige the British strategists by fulfilling, in spite of all their own deliberate Press bluff, is one which has more expert support on its side than you appear to recognise when you dismiss it as a vain Communist imagining), and how far it was deliberately "exploited and magnified," in the words of the *Labour Monthly* analysis, as a political scare like the great Munich War Scare (which also led a considerable portion of the Left up the garden, and which we Communists exposed at the time) will only finally be assessed by the historian when the full records are available.

But the main issue presented in the article from which you have quoted you have left untouched: namely, that, while the entire propaganda of the Government and the Press concentrated on a heroic presentation of the war as a war of national defence of a little island people defending their hearths and homes against a menacing invader, the serious preparations of the Government were by no means confined to the island centre of the Empire, but were engaged in dispatching troops and supplies to Africa, the Middle East and India, for the maintenance of an Empire of domination over invaded and conquered countries. Only in the most recent stage, when the war for Empire is now visibly opening out, is the attempt made to switch the popular psychology by the brazenly dishonest Empire Consciousness Crusade, which coolly presents the Empire, six-sevenths of whose population are colonially enslaved peoples, as a union of "free" peoples, and, in the face of what is happening in India (three-fourths of the Empire) asserts that the peoples of the Empire are voluntarily co-operating in the war.

At a time when the Communist view of the war as a war of rival capitalist Empires, in which the interests of the peoples of all countries are for their own victory against all imperialism and not for the support of one or other imperialism, is winning the conviction of increasing numbers of intelligent people, you may prefer to endeavour to paint over the ugly facts either by the device of presenting the war as a war of national defence instead of for the maintenance of Empire domination over one-quarter of the world, or by presenting the Empire as a palladium of liberty. But the accusing figures of Nehru and the thousands of political prisoners in India defeat your argument. As Gandhi, no friend to the Communist hypothesis, has had to recognise in respect of the popular feeling in India: "The vast majority of the people of India make no distinction between Nazism and the double autocracy that rules India."

We Communists believe that a People's Government, which ended the power of Big Business reaction in this country, and which ended the domination of subject peoples in the Empire, would be in a position to rally the peoples of Europe to win a People's Peace. But the bombastic invoking of a "European Revolution," while supporting Churchill and British Toryism, is a piece of gross deception or self-deception which surpasses even the normal limits of liberal imperialist hypocrisy.

With regard to the Left Book Club, the query you raise whether the majority of the Groups and membership, on the basis of their previous Marxist reading, support the Communist viewpoint and are utterly misrepresented by the Gollancz-Laski-Strachey Board, can be easily settled. Let a Conference be called of Group Convenors or delegates of Groups to enable the wishes of the membership to be expressed. Alternatively, let a ballot be taken of the membership on a question to be suitably framed in agreement by a representative of the Communist viewpoint and of the Transport House or Gollancz-Laski-Strachey viewpoint. This is the only democratic way to settle the issue, in order that the members of the L.B.C. may themselves determine the policy they wish. If this is refused by the Board, the inference is obvious; and the members of the Left Book Club would in that case be compelled to draw their practical conclusions and sever their connection with an organisation which has been turned into a vulgar imperialist anti-Marxist association entirely contrary to its original character. R. PALME DUTT

[On the question of invasion we note that Mr. Dutt's theory that it was a "political scare" to deceive the Left is not shared in Moscow. The *Red Star* and *Red Fleet*, the organs of the Soviet army and navy, have lately paid tribute to the R.A.F. and British navy for their respective parts in preventing invasion. As to the rest, we have repeatedly stated that Britain's present policy in India is a devastating comment on her claims to be fighting for freedom, and argued, not that this war is now being fought as a revolutionary war, but that that is the only way in which it can be won, either technically or morally.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE CASE OF SIR HUGH ROBERT ON

SIR,—As an admirer of Sir Hugh Roberton, and the great work he has done with the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, I wish to protest most emphatically against the B.B.C.'s recent decision to ban him from broadcasting. To a man who has done so much in fostering our national and folk music this is a gross insult—just because he holds political views which differ from those held by the B.B.C. What has this to do with his art, which has given pleasure to thousands? Even the one art for which Britain is renowned—choral singing—the B.B.C. apparently tries to discourage.

Finally, lest we may not have noticed it—"Freedom is in peril. . . ." SOLDIER

A CATHOLIC VIEW

SIR,—May I address to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION a letter whose contents may make unusual reading for its readers?

I do so because, though I disagree with much of what you advocate, it seems to me that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION does stand alone in the national press in maintaining something like an independent judgment in regard to the war.

As the editor of a Catholic paper which has a strong following, I think I can claim to speak for a good many of the more active-minded Catholics. These, while entirely agreeing with the general view that this war must be fought on whatever the danger until a satisfactory settlement of the European problem can be negotiated, are far from believing that the wisest measures are being taken to bring this about at the earliest possible moment.

Now if this is the case it is plainly a crime of the first magnitude, since no one in his senses can witness the mutual slaughter and destruction of what it has taken history to build up without agreeing that nothing could justify its prolongation except the practical certainty of a moral and material alternative that is even worse.

Now I think I am right in saying that those who are least satisfied with our present negative and unimaginative diplomacy are the "Left" intelligentsia and the more thoughtful Christians of the country. (In the opinion of both that diplomacy appears to entertain no hopes whatever except on the basis of a full-blooded victory with our forces marching into Berlin, and even in the event of that happening this year, next year, sometime . . . has given us no grounds for supposing that it will act differently from 1918.)

I am well aware of two things: the first, that there are very deep differences between the outlook of the "Left" and that of most of the Christian spokesmen (more particularly the Catholic ones who are generally, but inaccurately labelled "Right" or even "Fascist"): the second that in this country at any rate the vocal Christians scarcely count at all in comparison with the vocal "Left."

As regards the second point it should be remembered that taking the Western world as a whole we Catholics have a much greater importance than is here commonly allowed owing to the immense numbers of sincere Catholics on the Continent and in the U.S.A.

It is therefore plain common sense for all of us who feel that Britain will not necessarily be able to dictate to the world after the war, but will have rather to try to build in fellowship with other men a more stable order, to pay some attention to Catholic opinion throughout the world, and to get a clue to it from what the more active Catholic press and publicists in this country are saying.

It is evident, as I have said, that there exists deep differences between the "Left" outlook in Britain and the Catholic outlook, and these differences go even deeper on the Continent. They are, I believe, due to a larger extent than is realised to misunderstandings arising from history with faults on both sides, though opposed moral and theological beliefs remain, of course, of primary importance.

Thus the materialism of orthodox Marxism and the godlessness of Bolshevism must inevitably make Catholics reject social and economic theories that the "Left" is willing to support or at least to make the "basis for negotiation." But it is further commonly believed that Catholics differ radically from the "Left" in almost all practical measures of political, social and economic reform, whereas in fact in this matter there is considerable similarity between the two points of view, both of which are far more closely linked together than either is to capitalism and the financial economic *laissez faire* that is still largely tolerated under present democratic practice.

I realise, of course, that there are all sorts of Catholics, just as there are different brands of "Left" outlook, but in the case of Catholics I am specifically referring to the growing body which is at last beginning to think out the radical implications of the Church's social teaching, the kind of which the late Eric Gill or Father Vincent McNabb among men, and the Jocists (called Young Christian Workers in this country) among movements, are typical. I refer also to some who, tired of democratic hypocrisy and repelled by the materialism and anti-clericalism of Marxist Socialism, find themselves inevitably attracted to some of the social and economic theories of the totalitarian countries, in the hope that a moderate authoritarian rule, like that of Salazar, would result from such theories being carried into practice in a Christian atmosphere.

It would take far more space than you could possibly allow me to discuss the possibilities and difficulties of reaching a better understanding between those whom, let us say, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION represents and those drawn to the kind of Catholic outlook to which I have referred.

My point here is rather to suggest that both of us fall well between the rabid nationalisms of the belligerents and well between the autocratic State socialism of the one side and the financial and economic totalitarianism that is still irresponsibly exercised by important interests on the other side. Between us we do represent an independent attitude to the worst aspects of the conflict and an attitude which is first concerned with the social and economic welfare of the human being, be he British, German, French or Italian. That is obviously not the view of the Nationalists nor of the international financiers or industrialists. Moreover while the latter only represents a handful of the warring peoples, we between us, represent the real wishes of the millions.

At present the non-Communist "Left" intelligentsia in this country probably represents better than anyone else the social and economic aspirations of those on the Continent who have turned against the Christian tradition, while the more radical Catholics here are left alone to represent their fellow Catholics who either remain true to Christian democracy or have preferred to make the Christian best of authoritarian regimes, though their heart is not in them.

Is it not, then, possible to have a better understanding between us (which will not be easy over certain aspects of foreign politics) and, through that greater sympathy, a better understanding by the "Left" of Catholic forces and feelings on the Continent and in Ireland which will help to create a sane "middle" view whose constructive demands can effectively be brought to bear on the respective belligerent Governments and the unrepresentative forces behind them? MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE
Editor of the
Catholic Herald.

67 Fleet Street,
London, E.C.4.

PLANNING AGAIN

SIR,—The subject of post-war planning and rebuilding is for the moment receiving a great deal of publicity, but along with some helpful suggestions there is still too much muddled thinking on the subject. Your readers may, therefore, be interested in the following observations of a small group of London architects.

Firstly, it cannot be too strongly emphasised that, if we are to realise the new and better England to which vague reference is made by many, *we must begin to plan now with the utmost foresight and to the full extent of our skill and knowledge.*

The task of planning for reconstruction cannot be postponed without risking again the disasters of the last twenty years, even if nothing short of a conscription of the town-planning and architectural talent in the country can cope with the magnitude of the task. But, many highly-qualified architects and town-planners would willingly subordinate their individual interests and would give support to a national scheme of reconstruction.

Various suggestions have been made that a conference should be called to discuss the rebuilding of London and other war-damaged cities. It is necessary to point out, however, that *without an entirely new order in the building world, conferences will be worse than useless.*

What is required is a Ministry of Building consisting of a permanent head, with a Ministry composed of town-planners, architects, building experts, engineers, sociologists and advisers from various relevant Ministries. The task of this Ministry would be to produce a *National Plan* and to supervise its execution through a number of Regional Commissions invested with full authorities for the control of all building proposals within their respective areas. Thus, no building scheme could be executed without its siting, planning and design being in accordance with the requirements of the National Plan.

66 Portland Place, R. FRASER REEKIE, A.R.I.B.A.
London, W.1.

TRIALS *IN CAMERA*

SIR,—One of the corner-stones of our civic liberties is the open publicity of judicial proceedings, and particularly of criminal proceedings. Where the authorities apprehend that this principle may clash with the principle of the safety of the State, machinery is provided for hearing *in camera*, as in the recent trials at the Central Criminal Court on charges of espionage of the naturalised White Russian Anna Wolkoff, and the American diplomat, Tyler Kent (recently sentenced to ten and seven years' penal servitude respectively, though it is understood that Kent has lodged an appeal) and of the trial at Bristol of Ernest James Cole, thirty-one, fitter, who was convicted of sabotage involving £34,000 damage and sentenced to four years' penal servitude. Now the justification of holding these trials *in camera* must presumably be in the fact that the public divulgation of the information which Wolkoff and Kent communicated, or tried to communicate to the enemy agent William Joyce, would be contrary to the public interest, and, in the case of Cole, that the publication of the details of the goods or machinery sabotaged would involve giving away important armament or industrial secrets.

So be it! I suggest, however, that in all probability there must have been substantial portions of the evidence, the speeches and the summing-up, and of the police evidence as to the antecedents of the prisoners, to which the public could have been admitted without any danger whatsoever to the safety of the State. What, then, is to be done? It would manifestly be quite impracticable to keep on opening and shutting doors, and ejecting and readmitting the public an indefinite number of times in the course of the trial.

But I do suggest the following method by means of which the Director of Public Prosecutions could fulfil the constitutional duty which he owes to the country of ensuring the maximum publicity for all criminal proceedings. Under the provisions of the Court of Criminal Appeal Act, a shorthand note is made of all trials on indictment. It would, I submit, be quite feasible for this note to be transcribed by the shorthand writers, to be edited by some competent official, so as to excise the dangerous portions, and to be then made available to the press. I have not the faintest doubt that the various press organisations would be only too happy to pay the relatively negligible expenses involved in this procedure.

London, E.C.2. HORACE B. SAMUEL

ARTISTS AND WAR

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Spender's "Letter to a Colleague in America" and Mr. Hugh Barnes's letter in your issue of November 23rd raise the interesting point as to what effect the present war will have on our artists. Many of us agree with your contributors' view that the war, far from submerging the creative artist, will help to cleanse him and bring him back to the fundamentals of art.

To see how far our opinion was backed by fact, troops stationed in East Anglia were asked to submit entries for an arts and crafts competition. Results have so far proved so interesting that it has been decided to show the exhibition in towns in East Anglia, commencing with a month's exhibition at the Castle Museum, Norwich, from January 4th and then going to Heffers Galleries in Cambridge on February 5th for two weeks. Other towns are to be arranged.

It is hoped that other areas and other Services will be encouraged to arrange similar exhibitions, and eventually a complete national exhibition by members of His Majesty's Forces could be held. This will give ample opportunity to really discover how the war is affecting art in England. LOUIS YUDKIN

GEORGE LANSBURY

SIR,—George Lansbury was a man widely respected and loved by many besides those who shared his politics and his pacifism. So your readers may like to know that the War Resisters' International, of which he was the splendid Chairman and leader, are collecting funds for a memorial to him. This is to take the form of a farm where Conscientious Objectors are to be trained for work on the land, and where it is hoped to form a permanent community when the longed-for days of peace return. The sum of £10,000 is required.

The W.R.I. who by this means would give help to many in this country, are already aiding those of other nationalities. Refugees from Germany and many other countries in Europe are assisted, and the Spanish children who were cared for in a home in the Pyrenees are now all provided for. Many refugees also have been helped to emigrate to countries in the New World.

All this is strengthening the international bonds between those who are working to kill the Goliath of war. If any of your readers care to take part, their donations will be gratefully received addressed to me at our office.

11 Abbey Road, A. RUTH FRY,
Enfield. Hon. Treasurer

WHY NOT CUT THIS OUT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE?

Read about Greece and the Greeks

IN

COMPTON MACKENZIE'S

TWO BOOKS

Aegean Memories — *Just published: 12s. 6d. net*

Greek Memories — *Released 1939: 10s. 6d. net*

MY FIRST WAR

Through Belgium to Dunkirk

By CAPTAIN SIR BASIL BARTLETT, Bt.

2nd Impression: 3s. 6d. net

'The first real war book'—Glasgow Herald

A Climber's Odyssey

HELVELLYN TO HIMALAYA

By CAPTAIN F. SPENCER CHAPMAN

With 48 pages of unique mountaineering photographs: 18s. net

RICHARD HUGHES's

DON'T BLAME ME!

Illustrated Children's Stories: 5s. net

COMPTON MACKENZIE'S *two long novels*

The West Wind of Love — **West to North**

9s. 6d. net each

CHATTO & WINDUS - 40-42 WILLIAM IV STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WITH its third volume the diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert* comes to an end. Mr. Wm. Plomer has taken the best of the twenty-two notebooks and unless one or two lost ones are recovered, the monument to "such a humble and uneventful life" as the Wiltshire and Radnorshire curate's was must be considered complete. The book ends in March, 1879, not long before his marriage and his sudden death a month later at the age of thirty-eight. For some time he had been too busy to write many of those long, full lyrical entries of the earlier pages, and one feels that Kilvert had by now given the best of himself and that he died at the right time—anyway at one of the two or three right times which a talented man has in his life. What would marriage and family life have done to the innocent ardours of this susceptible bachelor? A difficult period, we suspect, awaited the lyrical idealist who was put in "a state of continual bewitchment and emotional upheaval" (as Mr. Plomer says) by every female he met, child, girl or young woman. A wife might not have understood this "strange and terrible gift of stealing hearts and exciting such love," which was an instinct of his curious and rapturous nature. And how rapturous it was! The little deaf-and-dumb girl who flung her arms round him, makes him cry out, "I have been loved; no one can take this from me." An Irish girl sends him into ecstasy with her play-acting on a train journey. There are Ettie and "the wild, mad trysts in the snow" and a procession of girls and girl-children with "glorious" hair or "glorious" eyes and hosts of exciting if not desirous kissings, as if his heart were a spring day. We love by the book and Kilvert had read his Tennyson; but it is the special triumph of Kilvert's sincerity that he has conveyed and made bearable his kind of emotion to a generation whose notions of love are flatter than those of a bubbling young mid-Victorian curate:

> How delightful it is in these sweet summer evenings to wander from cottage to cottage and from farm to farm, exchanging bright words and looks with the beautiful girls at their garden gates and talking to the kindly people sitting at their cottage doors or meeting in the lane when their work is done. How sweet it is to pass from house to house, welcome and beloved everywhere by young and old, to meet the happy loving smiles of the dear children at their evening play in the lanes and fields and to meet with no harsher reproach than this. "It is a longful while since you have been to see us. We do all love to see you coming and we do miss you sorely when you are away."

We have lost the art of rendering pure sentiment and the feeling for such a tenderness as Kilvert's. Echoes of the stage clergyman—"the deah children"—run mocking along the lines as we read a passage like that. But Kilvert's *Diary* might be called the revenge of the comic curate. His sensibility and dignity show up the Edwardian horse-play at the expense of the clergy for the dated boorishness it is. When we contrast the note and rhythm of our lives with those of Kilvert's, we see there is more than a change in fashion between the generations. We perceive with a shock that it is we who are unnatural because we do not live within the walls of a long period of civilisation and peace. It is we who are abnormal, distorted people, creatures of a revolutionary age, the most passagery, least characteristic of human types, ill-fitting and bizarre.

In the third volume of the diary just published Kilvert is still in Wiltshire acting as curate to his father. An account of Kilvert's father, who kept a school during his son's earliest childhood, is to be found in Augustus Hare's autobiography. Hare wrote: "at nine years old I was compelled to eat Eve's apple quite up; indeed, the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil was stripped absolutely bare: there was no fruit left to gather." Was Kilvert's prolonged and limpid innocence the result of some early check of horror? There was nothing spinsterly in him; his sensibility is masculine, or as the Victorians would have said, "manly." After Wiltshire, Kilvert went to the Border country once more, where he was always happiest. He responded to the lively, imaginative and courteous Welsh people. The Border country provides the great character of the third volume, Priscilla Price; but the heavier Wiltshire comedies appear before she does. There was the row about Mrs. Prodgers, for example; the campaign which raged between the vicar and the squire about the harmonium. And then, so many of those little girls who jumped up to kiss the curate would suddenly die! The diary form lends itself even better than the novel or the short tale to rounding-off character, for life is the author, adding its surprising afterthoughts. The net dips daily and brings out what is there, in its living awkwardness. Take that Mrs. Prodgers, so fecund and importunate. The pushful lady came from Kingston St. Michael (one of those villages where droll things were always happening), and caused a lot of tittering when she insisted on herself and the little Prodgers being used as models in the design of a new stained glass window for the church. "Suffer the little children" was the subject and Mrs. Prodgers had edged her lot well into the foreground. Doubly immortal Mrs. Prodgers, to be done both in Kilvert and stained glass. She is noted in a few lines which, in themselves, are a complete life story. And then the Squire. He illustrates the diary-form's aptitude for collecting fragments day by day, for catching each day's contribution to the jig-saw of human character. A vicar-baiter and tyrant, he ordered the tenor to be turned out of the choir and so spoiled the singing, but opposed "with strong language" the proposal to introduce a harmonium. "Distant from music" was one villager's description of him. He "apprehended," he said, "a chronic difficulty in finding someone to play the instrument." The Kilverts won but the Squire wouldn't pay a penny. And that is not the end of the Squire. His portrait is clinched in the midst of a later and very affecting description of a child's funeral. Kilvert, familiar with rural sorrow and intensely observant, can describe grief which in modern literature is very strangely neglected. We see the mother's distracted face, her cries of guilt and helplessness, her hard, despairing eye. And then the afternoon sun shines in the church and the birds begin to sing as if in honour of the dead child, and Kilvert, as he reads the service, catches sight of the Squire through the window. He is dressed in a white hat and a drab suit, dashing fussily across the churchyard and putting his stick into the grave to see that it is the right depth.

Kilvert has always these completing realistic touches so that a scene is never made top-heavy with the emotion it arouses. His eye and ear are acute; they seem always to be roving over the scene and to hit upon some sight or word which is all the more decisive for having the air of accident. And in literature, to convey the chance effects of life without being bizarre, is everything. So he goes on his walking tours, has his holidays in Sussex, the Isle of Wight, marks his catalogue at Burlington House, loses his easy heart, preaches, consoles the sick, collecting the odd but never isolating it from the stream of living in the manner of the caricaturist. An old lady—yes, and you could meet her in the town if you wanted—was parachuted over the cliff hanging from her umbrella in a gale and alighted unhurt. Another "grasped at vacancy" on the cellar stairs and fell to the bottom; the trouble began when her husband at the top explained that she couldn't have done so because "you can't grasp at vacancy"—a grotesque fragment of home life. An old man on his death-bed says "It is hard work dying," and a fine farmer, wrecked by illness in middle life, says sadly "I shall never again be a big man like you with your strong body." These things are too sharp when detached from Kilvert's context; in that they are the windows into a way of rural life which is far from gone, though curates go no more to drink whey with dairymaids or dance Roger de Coverley at picnics with the prettiest girls of the parish.

Kilvert's account of his visit to Priscilla Price shows him at his dramatic best. The old lady was 77 and could remember the coronation of George IV. She lived with her step-daughter, a woman turned 50, who was an idiot. They were drinking tea in their cottage when Kilvert found them. What an excellent short story they make:

> "Ar Tader, Ar Tader!" cried the idiot. "She means 'Our Father,'" explained her stepmother. "She has been wanting to see the clergyman, the gentleman that says 'Our Father.'" Prissy detailed to me the story of an illness she had suffered, illustrated by a dramatic performance by the idiot as a running accompaniment. Occasionally in addition to the acting of the details of the illness, the bursting of a blood-vessel, the holding the head of the invalid, and yelling to the neighbours for help, the idiot roared out an affirmative or negative according to the requirements of the tale. "The blood spouted up," said Prissy. "Yes!" thundered the idiot. "She held my head," explained Prissy. "Yes!" roared the idiot. "There was no one here but her," said Prissy. "No!" shouted the idiot. "They say that Mr. Davies heard her crying for help as far as Fine Street," declared Prissy. "Yes!" asseverated the idiot with a roar of pride and satisfaction. "She had to run out into the deep snow," said the stepmother. The idiot stepdaughter measured the depth of snow upon her thigh.

Later Kilvert was asked to read the Testament and to pray:

> The reading was accompanied by a running fire of ejaculations and devout utterances from Prissy. She put a mat on the floor for me to kneel on and knelt down herself with some pain and difficulty, having sprained her knee. I begged her to be seated. "No," she said. "I will kneel. I must punish the body. Kneel down, my dear," she said reprovingly to the idiot. The idiot knelt humbly down in front of the fire with her head almost in the ashes.

There were other meetings like this. Priscilla collected old lore. She told the story that a man at Staunton-by-Wye had seen the oxen kneel down at midnight on Christmas Eve and stay there moaning, the tears running down their faces.

Those especially Victorian words, words which bring back a whole period: "radiant," "glorious," "infinite," "innocence," "picturesque," are common in Kilvert's descriptions of scenery or of his sentiments. "A splendid romp with Polly Taverner"—that is authentic. His broken romances seem made for the time. Where Kilvert is superior to many of the novelists is that he is writing straight from nature, idealising often but never falsifying, for he moralises very little. His piety, like his sentiment, is firm but unprofessional. A being who feels, he does not go into those muddy introspections of many diary writers. He has humour, but he does not make insincere, depressive diary jokes against himself. One likes him in the end, I am convinced, because of this, because he is serious and unselfconscious about himself. That most difficult art!

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *Kilvert's Diary*. Edited, chosen and introduced by Wm. Plomer. 3 vols. Cape. 12*s*. 6*d*. each.

GREATEST ARTISTS — FINEST RECORDING

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" RECORDS

CHOOSE FOR CHRISTMAS

TAKE THIS LIST TO YOUR DEALER—NOW

TOSCANINI
Conducting B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Symphony No. 6 in F (Pastoral) (Beethoven)
Album No. 295 - - - DB3333-37 6/- each
Invitation to the Waltz Op. 65 (Weber) DB3542 6/-

N.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Symphony No. 5 in C Minor (Beethoven)
Album No. 331 - - - DB3822-25 6/- each
Moto Perpetuo (Paganini) / Scherzo vivace (from Quartet in F) (Beethoven) DB3858 6/-
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Symphony No. 7 in A Major (Beethoven)
Album No. 266 - - - DB2986-90 6/- each
Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56A (Brahms) - - - - - DB3031-32 6/- each
Barber of Seville Overture (Rossini) DB1835 6/-

STOKOWSKI
Conducting
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt) DB3086 6/-
Blue Danube Waltz (J. Strauss) / Tales from Vienna Woods (J. Strauss) DB3821 6/-
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (Bach) DB2572 6/-

SIR ADRIAN BOULT
Conducting
THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Enigma Variations, Op. 36 (Elgar) DB2800-02 6/- each
Marche Slav. Op. 31 (Tchaikovsky) DB3971 6/-

KOUSSEVITZKY
Conducting
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Peter and the Wolf (Orchestral Fairy Tale) (Prokofieff). Narrator: Richard Hale DB3900-02 6/- each

KAJANAS
Conducting
LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Belshazzar's Feast, Op. 51 (Sibelius)
Oriental Procession; Solitude DB3937 6/-
Night Music; Khadra's Dance DB3938 6/-

SADLER'S WELLS ORCHESTRA
The Prospect Before Us (Boyce, arr. Lambert). Conducted by Constant Lambert. C3181-3 4/- each
Wise Virgins (Bach, arr. Walton) Conducted by William Walton C3178-9 4/- each

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Façade (William Walton),
Suite No. 1 - - - - - C2836-7 4/- each
Suite No. 2 - - - - - - - C3042 4/-
Conducted by the Composer

RACHMANINOFF (Piano)
Playing his own works
with the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
Concerto No. 3 in D Minor, Album No. 347. DB5709-12 6/- each, DB5713 3/-
Concerto No. 2 in C Minor, Album No. 84. DB1333-37 6/- each
Concerto No. 1 in F Sharp Minor. DB5706-08 6/- each
Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, Op. 43. DB2426-28 6/- each

Her Royal Highness
PRINCESS ELIZABETH
A RECORDING OF HER
"Broadcast Message to Children"
October, 13th 1940, RBS 9111 2/-
The profits from this record are being paid to the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children.

"The Progress of the War"
speeches broadcast by The Prime Minister
The Rt. Hon.
WINSTON CHURCHILL
M.P.
May to September, 1940

IN A SOLEMN HOUR. Two Parts. 19th May, 1940 C3198 4/-
THIS WAS THEIR FINEST HOUR. Six Parts - - 18th June, 1940 - - - - - - - - - - - - C3199-201 4/- each
THE WAR OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIORS. Four Parts. 14th July, 1940 - - - - - - - - C3202-3 4/- each
EVERY MAN TO HIS POST. Two Parts - - - - 11th September, 1940 - - - - - - - - - C3204 4/-
Seven Records in Album (No. 348, price 3/6), complete 31s. 6d. Records obtainable separately.
Profits from these records are being paid to Charities nominated by The Prime Minister.

Fox Photo

J.B.PRIESTLEY
A Recording of one of his most Famous Broadcasts
WOMEN AND THE WAR. AN APPRECIATION BY J. B. PRIESTLEY. Two Parts. C3190 4/-
(Broadcast on 22nd Sept., 1940)

DOROTHY THOMPSON
Famous American Writer, in her Crushing Indictment of Hitlerism
"Let's Face the Facts"
Recorded from the Actual Broadcast by Dorothy Thompson on 23rd July, 1940.
Two Parts - - C3180 4/-
Profits from the Sale of this Record will be handed to the British Red Cross Society.

B.B.C. Photo

THIS CHRISTMAS GIVE RECORD TOKENS!
Our Record Token Plan makes it easy to give your friends the records they want. You send them a Token—which you get from your dealer—they exchange it for records locally.

CORTOT (Piano)
AND LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Symphonic Variations. César Franck. DB2185-6 6/- each

HEPHZIBAH MENUHIN (Piano)
and YEHUDI MENUHIN (Violin)
Rondo in B Minor, Op. 70 (Schubert). DB3583-4 6/- each
Sonata in A Major, Op. 47 (Kreutzer) (Beethoven) Album No. 228 DB2409-12 6/- each

HEIFETZ (Violin)
with LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Concerto in D major (Tchaikovsky). Album No. 277. DB3159-62 6/- each

JOHN McCORMACK
Still Night, Holy Night - - - - - - / Christ in His Garden - - - - - - - DA1755 4/-
I'll walk beside you - - - - - - - - / Star of the County Down - - - - - DA1718 4/-

WEBSTER BOOTH
Star of Bethlehem - - - - - - - - - / The Holy City - - - - - - - - - - C3196 4/-

PAUL ROBESON
Mighty lak' a Rose - - - - - - - - / Ma curly headed baby - - - - - - - B9110 3/-

PETER DAWSON
The Floral Dance - - - - - - - - / The Lute Player - - - - - - - - - - C2698 4/-
Mountains o' Mourne - - - - - - / Phil the Fluter's Ball - - - - - - - B9114 3/-

FOR THE CHILDREN

PETER PAN
on records
Jean Forbes-Robertson (Peter Pan)
Dinah Sheridan (Wendy)
Gordon Harker (Captain Hook)
3 records of favourite Scenes, Songs and Music in a delightfully decorated Portfolio for 10/6 B9117-9 3/- each
(Profits from records are being paid to the Hospital for Sick Children)

UNCLE MAC
Derek McCulloch of the B.B.C.
Uncle Mac's Nursery Rhymes - - (2nd Series) - - - - - - - - - - BD886-8 2/- each
Ready December 13th
Complete in Illustrated Portfolio No. 12 6/9
Uncle Mac's Nursery Rhymes - - (1st Series) - - - - - - - - - - BD622-4 2/- each
Complete in Illustrated Portfolio No. 3 6/6
Uncle Mac's Christmas Carols BD767-9 2/- each
Complete in Illustrated Portfolio No. 7 6/6

PINOCCHIO
Songs and Music from the actual Sound Track of the Walt Disney Film
3 records, BD821-3 2/- each
Complete in Colour Portfolio No. 9 7/-

★ PRICES DO NOT INCLUDE PURCHASE TAX ★ THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX

HISTORY TAKES A LONG WEEK-END

The Long Week-end: A Social History of Great Britain, 1918-1939. By ROBERT GRAVES and ALAN HODGE. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Here, squashed into 450-odd pages, are twenty-one years of our lives, all that happened between the last armistice and the last declaration of war. Whether this catalogue of events and fashions, of catastrophes, crazes and conferences is really what happened, at any rate, they all happened. Demobilisation was delayed and troops mutinied: the *Daily Mail* invented a hat: the French occupied the Ruhr: Miss Ishbel MacDonald, on becoming chatelaine of Number Ten, said that she "had never been centred in a whirlpool of jazz": Baldwin defeated the General Strike: Bishop Barnes was denounced as a "modernist": Russian boots became a fashion: King George the Fifth opened a World Economic Conference: there was a game called Yo-Yo: a famous case about a talking mongoose: the Channel was swum and Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland.

So the authors of this "social history" glide through the period which made this war possible, moving with the elegant speed, the checks, the turns of those skiers one used to see photographed in the glossy weeklies. Or, to shift the comparison, they bring to bear on the dissection of the period, the elegant indifference of these same people, as they sip their drinks together in the evening, the same outsiders' view, the same lack of judgment which results in making everything seem unimportant. Here Noel Coward and T. S. Eliot, "Colonel Barker" and Virginia Woolf, Horatio Bottomley and Mr. Baldwin, Einstein, Augustus John, Marconi are all on the same level of importance. They all happened.

The book does not, of course, pretend to any depth of analysis. The authors claim for it that "it is a reliable record of what took place, of a forgettable sort, during the twenty years. . . ." But they don't stick to that. The General Strike, the League of Nations, the Invasion of Poland are not exactly things of a forgettable sort: and the book treats them no less gravely than Archdeacon Wakefield or the Loch Ness Monster. A history of things "of a forgettable sort" would have kept to minor irrelevancies and would have been at once much less exasperating and much more amusing, since the best parts of *The Long Week-end* are those which describe fashions, scandals, anecdotes, newspaper scoops. To the treatment of such things, their method—the easy speed, the ironic comment, the amusing collocation—is well adapted. But this smooth and ready flippancy is less happily employed on major events, serious artists or important thinkers.

It has affinities, this vivacious irresponsibility, with the modern columnist—not the old *Bystander* social gossip—but the new American-derived product which the authors themselves trace to

> the penetration of higher journalism into the elder Universities, which became the training-ground for many of the best correspondents and brightest feature-writers of the day. The recruits that newspapers needed were . . . university men with a superficial knowledge of many things, full of ideas and with a snappy way of expressing themselves.

In fact, Mr. Graves and his collaborator have evidently modelled themselves on the type which that last sentence of theirs describes. They succeed, at their best, in being slick, streamlined, caustic, with a ready eye for scoring points, but without caring much about the level on which they score them. So much so that some of their summings up would not fit so well into the William Hickey column of a newspaper as into the Correspondence (from which they might be well taken out for *This England*). Examples of this are their puerile treatment of Psycho-analysis (p. 102); and their cheap paragraphs on Experimental Education.

In fact *The Long Week-end*, on closer examination, is not a "record" as they claim, but a commentary, and one is sooner or later compelled to question the validity and the motives of their comments. Sooner or later, because the rattling pace at which the book moves may at first take away the critical breath. But I happened to notice, before reading the book, a review in the most respectable of the literary weeklies which specially praised their judgments of the Arts. I will quote, therefore, their comments on four of the leading literary figures of their period.

On Virginia Woolf:

> She wrote with her nervous sensibilities, so that her readers shrank sympathetically at each painfully composed paragraph.

On D. H. Lawrence:

> Lawrence was without either Huxley's wit or Joyce's playboy humour: he lived an anguished, bathetic life and had a huge anguished, bathetic following . . . he was not only unhealthy but spiritually blind and tried to overawe the best in others by vulgar menaces.

On W. B. Yeats:

> Many poets who took themselves seriously but lacked perfect self-sufficiency turned to the East for inspiration at some time or other. W. B. Yeats did so in his old age, collaborating with an Indian pundit in a translation of the Upanishads—after first] abandoning his Celtic twilight for a brushed up neo-American style, and then dabbling in spiritualism.

W. H. Auden:

> Auden was a synthetic writer and perhaps never wrote an original line: but modern literature was so extensive that his communistic use of contemporary work was not at first suspected.

Now these snap-judgments of contemporary writers are smart undergraduate standard. Nothing more. And though there are some better things in the book (the account of T. E. Lawrence, for instance) it doesn't rise as a whole much above that level. Of course, that will very likely make it popular which, it may well be, is all the authors are aiming at. But it seems a pity that two intelligent people should fritter away their powers and their paper on it and that Mr. Graves should use his reputation to put into currency this vulgar view of a period. The 'twenties? Oh yes, lax standards, drink, sex, crazes, jazz, introspection, etc. Exactly the impression any member of the indifferent bourgeousie had of it all along, *vide* the average sermon, letter to the Press or bridge table gossip. If that was all, why bother to record it? But that wasn't all, as Mr. Graves very well knows, but doesn't bother to say. Surely no serious social history should fail to differentiate between the scum of a movement which washes into the newspaper headlines and the movement itself. To take an example, the 'twenties, wisely or misguidedly, were as seriously engaged with the subject of sexual ethics as an earlier generation had been with religion. People may have forgotten this, but to remind them of the vulgarised version is merely to give our local Pétains a handle for recalling us to the "good old ways."

Or take politics. No one who has followed events would need the reminders. Those who haven't will only be misled by the reminders that the authors offer. One only has to read their account of the formation of the National Government (page 255), for instance, to discover that the record is inadequate, and if true, includes only enough of the truth to give a false picture. I will quote their conclusion to the Abyssinian war:

> An Abyssinian army was unwise enough to engage in a pitched battle and was handsomely defeated. The Negus then left his country, appealing to the remaining loyal chiefs to carry on guerilla warfare. The Government did not venture to override public opinion, which expressed deep sympathy for the Emperor and his countrymen, by recognising the *de facto* Italian conquest of Abyssinia.

The last chapter of *The Long Week-end* is called "Rain Stopped Play." These two titles give a sufficient indication of the philistinism of the writers' approach. To avoid so successfully the underlying significance of most of the events in the period they are describing is something of an achievement. It is made possible only by an attitude of mind which is purely frivolous. But then we must remember that the skill of the gossip writer consists in making the important things seem trivial and the trivial sound important. If our Press Lords are really as acute in spotting winners as they are said to be, Mr. Robert Graves should soon be as well known to the newspaper public as his elder brother.

T. C. WORSLEY

THREE PHILOSOPHERS

Plato. Selected Passages. Edited by Sir R. W. Livingstone. *Oxford University Press.* 2s. 6d.

An Essay on the Metaphysics of Descartes. By Marthinus Versfeld. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

The Foundations of Empirical Knowledge. By A. J. Ayer. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

The impulses that lead men to undertake the ardours and endurances of philosophising are various. There is the desire to discover for oneself and to provide for others a creed to live for and principles to live by. By a number of different arguments it can be shown that this life is not the only one; there is another, more enduring and more important. To satisfy one's desires in this world is not, therefore, the whole duty of man; he may be required so to live as to fit himself for life in another. The interest here is mainly practical. The philosopher reasons first in order that he may preach afterwards.

Then there is the desire to find out for the sake of finding out. One philosophises because one is curious and wants to know. There must, one feels, be some principle of order in the chaotic miscellany to which one's senses introduce one. The miscellany may even turn out on examination to be the creation of a God. Can one, therefore, discover the principle of order, demonstrate the existence of the God?

Again, there is the impulse to tidy up the mess one's predecessors have made. Just look at those loose ends of theory, those fragments of unassimilated fact waiting to be digested, the undetected assumptions, the concealed hypotheses, the unnecessary entities which philosophers have left lying about all over the universe. One simply must tidy up the mess, and if tidying up the mess means a fairly extensive use of the pruning knife, well, the philosophies of one's contemporaries, even of one's predecessors, are not so sacrosanct that they would not be better for a little clearing up and cleaning out.

These impulses are admirably illustrated by the three books which have prompted this review. Taking the universe for his province, Plato—or should it be Socrates?—philosophises in the hope of illuminating its dark places and setting a light to guide the stumbling feet of man. "How to live"—I am quoting from Sir Richard Livingstone's Introduction — "the nature of man and what makes him happy, the human soul and its destiny and its place in the universe and on earth," these were his themes. Descartes is moved by the impulse of the scientist, a scientist who, however, devoted his attention primarily to questions of method. The third impulse, the impulse of the surgeon—or should it be of the sanitary engineer?—is illustrated by Mr. Ayer.

The Plato is wholly admirable. It is not merely that the selections chosen and arranged

by Sir Richard Livingstone in nine sections are as representative as, granted the necessary exclusion of the more technical passages, anybody has a right to demand, that the Introduction which emphasises the practical significance of Plato's teaching (I am not sure that "preaching" is not the better word, only the 19th century has spoiled it for us; in any event, it is wholly true that "at the age of 25 his interests were in politics, and in practical politics; they were the same when death caught him with his last treatise *The Laws* incomplete. . . . We cannot mistake his passionate desire to find the right life for man and to create a State in which it can be lived") is first rate and that a World's Classic, besides being the pleasantest and handsomest of all the cheap series is also the readiest to go in the pocket—more important, perhaps, is the vivid topicality of so many of the extracts, a topicality which is terrifying when it portrays the weaknesses of democracy and points the road that leads from democracy to dictatorship, consoling and elevating when, in Socrates' last speech to his judges, or in his conversation with his friends before taking the poison, he discourses on the nature of death and the groundlessness of men's fear of it. "Must do my Plato," said Ruskin. "I'm never well without that." Thanks to Sir Richard Livingstone and the Oxford University Press, one can now "do him" and "do him" very well for 2s. 6d.

Descartes's philosophy has two features of outstanding interest; the first, his method by which Descartes set great store. Its essence is to deduce from first principles what the constitution of the world must be, if it is to be intelligible. Concluding that the universe contains at least one element of intelligibility, namely, the fact of one's own thinking and proceeding on the assumption that whatever one clearly and distinctively conceives must be true, one then sets out to deduce all manner of truths about the universe, as, for example, that God exists. As Dr. Versfeld justly points out, the method is essentially that of mathematics. Just as a mathematician, sitting in his study and reflecting upon the principles of number could, if he reasoned well enough, deduce the whole *corpus* of mathematical knowledge, so, Descartes believed, the metaphysician reflecting upon the implications of certain known first principles could deduce the whole truth about the universe, could determine, that is to say, what the universe must be without ever going to the trouble of looking to see what it manifestly was. And, no doubt, if the universe *were* like a complex problem in mathematics, Descartes' method would be justified. It is perhaps unfortunate that it is not. The other feature of outstanding interest is Descartes's separation between mind and body. Mind, he thought, is one thing, body another; hence the famous Cartesian dualism. Dualism is *démodé* to-day, and nearly all Descartes's successors including Dr. Versfeld, have censured him for making this obvious distinction. And yet, and yet, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that one's body *is* different from one's mind.

Finally Mr. Ayer. Ever since Professor Moore first published his *Refutation of Idealism* at the beginning of the century, philosophy has been agitated by a prolonged controversy as to the existence and nature of sense data. If I look at a penny, I see an elliptical brown patch which varies in size according to my distance, and in shape according to the angle of vision. If we call the elliptical shape a sense datum, the question arises, what is its relation to the penny? If, moreover, we maintain that our sensory experience is always of sense data and never of pennies, a further question arises, why do we suppose that pennies exist? It is with this controversy that Mr. Ayer's book is concerned. Mr. Ayer is a phenomenalist and a positivist. As a phenomenalist, he is sceptical as to the existence of pennies, but his main concern is to

A stockbroker advises . . .

Client: Take the case of my eldest sister. She's got two or three hundred pounds lying idle. What should she do with it nowadays?

Stockbroker: What is the first thing you would both look for in an investment?

Client: I would say, the certainty of getting the capital back.

Stockbroker: What rate of interest would satisfy you? A sure 3% would meet the case, I suppose? Then I strongly advise 3% Defence Bonds.

Client: But she doesn't pay the full standard rate of Income Tax and there will be all the trouble about reclaiming.

Stockbroker: *No, no, no! That's one of their biggest attractions.* The interest is paid *in full* every six months, and Income Tax is not deducted "at the source."

Client: But what about having to lock up her money for years ahead?

Stockbroker: She can always get the capital back by giving six months' notice. In case of emergency the capital will be repaid at short notice, less a deduction equal to six months' interest. If she lets it stay for seven years she will receive £1 bonus for each £100 invested.

Client: In that case, I've found her "ideal investment." I suppose your wealthy clients are taking them up in sackfuls?

Stockbroker: They wish they could! Unfortunately, everyone is rationed to a thousand pounds worth.

Save regularly week by week. *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into Defence Bonds or National War Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.*

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

demonstrate that the question at issue is a linguistic one and not one of fact. The choice between describing our experience of the external world in terms of material objects and between describing it in terms of sense data is a choice between two different kinds of language, and not between two different kinds of external fact. In Mr. Ayer's own words "a proposition which is expressed by a sentence referring to a material thing can equally well be expressed by an entirely different set of sentences which refer to sense data; and this is what those who assert that material things are 'logical construction' out of sense-data must be understood to claim." Mr. Ayer's position is derived ultimately from Wittgenstein's assertion that the meaning of a statement is to be found in the mode of its verification. Since the experiences involved in verifying the statement that the world consists of material objects are precisely the same as those involved in verifying the statement that it consists of sense data, Mr. Ayer would contend that the meaning of the two statements is ultimately the same.

Mr. Ayer is in a direct line of descent from Occam; he does not, that is to say, want his universe cluttered up with unexperienced and unexperiencable entities such as material objects, and he uses his exceedingly acute reason as a pruning knife to excise them. The discussion is highly technical and the book is not one for the layman, but it is an important contribution to recent philosophical theory.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE INNOCENTS AT HOME

Heart of a Child. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. *Faber.* 5s.

Captain Cérise. By DOROTHY MACKINDER. *Hamilton.* 6s.

Angels on Horseback. By C. K. JAEGER. *Routledge.* 8s.

The most common sign of the second-rate in fiction is a dependence on obsolete styles of character and situation. A competent talent can reproduce the freshness and ferment of the contemporary background: it can create lively secondary portraits, it can draw scenes tastefully and maintain an intelligent commentary. These qualities will delight the author's generation, but what is crucial is his conception of the main characters and their situation. Out of all the possible characters there are always a few which have special relevance to this or that epoch. A "good" novelist can have a commonplace imagination: a "great" novelist must recognise, though without necessarily being conscious of doing so, which are the themes and persons most significant of the contemporary world. The men and women of Jane Austen or D. H. Lawrence are not merely true in a timeless way; they also epitomise the local verities of an epoch.

Granted this, we recognise that some styles of behaviour are so foreign to their age that the writer who attempts them is compelled to be derivative to the point of reminiscence. Each generation inherits a number of worn-out styles which have outlived the social occasion to which they belong. All that remains to be done with them is to burlesque them (a good example being *Northanger Abbey*). No novelist can entirely escape from the preoccupations and inhibitions of his historical setting, any more than a plant can jump out of the ground and remove itself to a different soil.

Coming to modern fiction, we can easily discern the entire absence of certain types of character. Nobility is a good example. We have only the sketchiest idea, in modern fiction, of what a noble character is like. Our most clearly realised hero is sensitive, indecisive, intellectually speculative, burdened with a sense of diffused personal guilt: Birkin or Daedalus or Lord Jim. He stands on the prefatory side of action, having intimations of a possible nobility; but no more than that.

Another absent hero, for whom a hue and cry has been raised by Charles Morgan, is the serene innocent, the angelic *naif*. We don't believe in him, and in consequence our writers are unable to give him more than a fairy-tale substance. Instead we must be content with something less pure of heart—either the elemental ox "to whom things happen," on Hanley or Faulkner lines, or the pathologically cretinous *naif* which again belongs principally to Faulkner. These inspire pity rather than a wondering admiration. They descend from Stavrogin's wife more than from the Shirley Temples of the Victorian novel.

I hope this is not too heavy a preamble to Phyllis Bottome's *Heart of a Child*. I have very recently commended Miss Bottome's writing, and when a book so good as *Masks and Faces* is followed by one so banal as *Heart of a Child*, it is worth inquiring the reason. In her latest book, a short novel, Miss Bottome describes Karl, a young Austrian boy, during the last war, who is devoted to his dog, Luchs. His cruel father falls ill and must have meat. The only meat available is the dog, which must, therefore, be killed. The boy, however, smuggles it out of the district in order to save its life. The father survives, the war ends, and some benevolent English people restore the dog to the boy. This is a familiar tear-jerking formula, even to the inclusion of a kindly old priest who understands. The boy is described with a pastoral simplicity which becomes almost patronising in its assurance of unrelieved virtue, and we are given some tart hints to remove our hats when canine love is mentioned:

> Because he loved Karl, there was no real trouble in finding out what he wanted.
>
> They could easily see that Luchs was being led by love, and under these circumstances neither strap nor muzzle are ever necessary.

It makes a pretty fable, and Miss Bottome's technical dexterity gives a charm and liveliness to many of the scenes. The economy and easy directness which I admired in *Masks and Faces* are present here, too. In fact, I doubt if *Heart of a Child* could have been much better written. My criticism of it is not directed to its execution (at least in the narrow sense) but to its conception. I am appalled that Miss Bottome could accept so uncritically a piece of hokum which is as blatantly dated as *The Scarlet Pimpernel* or *Mary Rose*. For better or worse we are suspicious of that sort of plum-sweet sentiment. It is possible to overcome our suspicion; but not by the very tricks which gave birth to it. Miss Bottome's Karl would grow up to be Charles Morgan's *Barbet* over again. It is a characterisation which must fail because there is nothing in the contemporary audience to sustain it. Like any hangover, its relevance is to that part of yesterday which we have discarded. A sentiment of such radiant ingenuousness is certainly not closed to us, but the tone of its utterance has changed; and it is a sensitive perception of this altered tone which distinguishes John Steinbeck's *Red Pony*, for example, from the hackneyed sentimentality of *Heart of a Child*.

The weakness of Miss Bottome's book is carried in *Captain Cérise* to an extreme of absurdity which almost burlesques itself. Here the central figure is a mercurial, brilliant, mettlesome girl who longed for Life, and found it when she was forcibly carried off by a robust and piratical He-Man. This is another fantasy which appeals to a frame of mind that is already obsolete. In the heyday of Romanticism, with feminine emancipation in the air, the emotional gamut of *Captain Cérise* would fit in with the preoccupations of the age. But public war-cries and slogans change in every decade. What has become of the flaming and slightly exotic girl who makes challenging gestures to "Life"—that scandalous but apparently vitalising alternative to a dutiful existence at home? She still exists, of course, and so does her piratical liberator, but no longer as an inspiring vanguard figure. The fact that *Captain Cérise* is located in the eighteenth century is a red herring across this question, because it is Miss Mackinder's infatuation with the heroine that I am discussing. It is the novelist's fineness (or obtuseness) of touch in the assessment of his characters which reflects (or obscures) the perpetually shifting balance of power in contemporary moral history. Miss Mackinder merely accepts her heroine, Corisande, at the traditional valuation and gushes about her. "Mysterious, wilful girl!" she exclaims. "Elusive, maddening, vexatious girl! So brilliant, so odd, so utterly incalculable. So tall and indolent, so scornful, so lovely—so

LONDON FRONT

Letters written to America
(August 1939 to July 1940)
by
F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood
with replies from Marion Balderston—S. N. Behrman—Carl and Sonya Hovey—Grace Hubble and Alexander Woollcott
468 pages. 12s. net

Time and Tide: "An animated and argumentative chronicle of psychological as of factual history . . . extremely amusing, chock-a-block with glowing fragmentary moments, and continually bitter with resentment and hatred of disappointed humanism."

and

SPANISH TUDOR
by H. F. M. PRESCOTT 18s.
J. E. NEALE (*Sunday Times*): "Can be wholeheartedly praised: extremely readable, imaginative, based on wide and scholarly research, it is a notable book."

LONELY MAGDALEN
by HENRY WADE 8s. 6d.
Spectator: "The most ambitious novel Mr. Wade has so far produced: it is arranged in three sections, of which the first describes the finding on Hampstead Heath of the murdered and clueless body of a prostitute. It is an absorbing narrative."

EXIT TO MUSIC
by NEAL SHEPHERD 7s. 6d.
MILWARD KENNEDY (*Sunday Times*): "Provides a good problem and plenty of sharply defined characters. . . . Good writing supports the good plot, and the general result is very satisfactory."

ANTIMACASSAR CITY
by GUY McCRONE 8s. 6d.
RALPH STRAUS (*Sunday Times*): "A delicate study of Glasgow during the seventies. The atmosphere of those old days has been deftly caught; the portraits of the Moorhouses and their relatives are shrewdly contrasted. A good piece of work."

THE GHOST KNOWS HIS GREENGAGES
by R. B. SAXE 7s. 6d.
People who do not like quick-fire slang, thugs with tommy-guns in night clubs, kidnappings and the like must keep away from Mr. Saxe and his Ghost.

3rd large impression

FANNY BY GASLIGHT
by MICHAEL SADLEIR 8s. 6d.
Daily Telegraph: "Fanny is a thing of beauty in a world of corruption. The background is the aristocratic underworld of London in mid-Victorian times and from it emerges Mr. Sadleir's lovely heroine. Her story is set in a charming frame."

Make it your "novel" Xmas present!

CONSTABLE

DUCKWORTH BOOKS

Everybody's choice — the ILLUSTRATED omnibus of

CAUTIONARY VERSES

By H. BELLOC

with all the original pictures by B.T.B. and NICHOLAS BENTLEY

7 Books in one! 384 *pictures!* 10/6 *net*

¶ LOVE'S HELICON—John Hayward's "fine and haunting anthology" (*Sunday Times*) of English love poetry. A charming pocket volume, the best of presents for husbands, wives and all in love. 256 pages. 5/- net

¶ CONFESSIONS OF AN INDIVIDUALIST, the life story and opinions of W. H. Chamberlin, the well-known *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent. A book which answers many of those pressing questions about Russia and Japan and helps to a proper understanding of world political problems to-day. 15/- net

¶ R. W. Ketton Cremer's life of HORACE WALPOLE has been one of the outstanding biographies of the year. With 8 collotype plates. 16/- net

¶ MAURETANIA, the story of a leisurely journey through N. Africa and an account of its architectural beauties, is by Sacheverell Sitwell, author of *Southern Baroque Art*. One of the year's most interesting travel books. 16 plates. *2nd printing.* 15/- net

¶ For boys and girls—the new story by Elizabeth Goudge, SMOKY HOUSE. Smuggling and other excitements in a lonely Devon inn during the early years of the past century. Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. 7/6 net

¶ For the kitchen-minded, GOOD MEALS FOR HARD TIMES by Catherine Ives, author of *When the Cook is Away*, etc. 3/6 net

¶ Boys *and* their fathers will revel in BRIDE OF THE KALAHARI, an adventure story about the desert tribes of Central Africa by F. Horace Rose, a traveller who really knows the country he writes about. 7/6 net

¶ The novels of Ronald Firbank. 8 titles at 4/- net each

3 Henrietta Street London W.C.2

Our Christmas Gift to your friends, particularly those abroad

★ In repeating this Christmas our offer of a Special 5s. Gift Subscription we are obliged to modify the terms of previous years.

★ For FIVE SHILLINGS we will post a weekly copy of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to those of your friends who are not already buying the paper for the period of FOUR MONTHS (seventeen issues), including postage to any address in the world.

★ This offer is less than half the normal rate, and whilst it is open to your friends anywhere, we particularly ask readers to include as many overseas friends as they can, because there exists now, more than at any other time, a vital need for the spreading of British views abroad.

★ Readers are asked, too, to remember friends in the Forces, at home and abroad. We receive many appreciative letters from the Services.

★ Five-Shilling Gift Subscriptions may start from whatever date you wish, but in the absence of special instructions they will commence with our issue published on January 4th.

★ To every recipient we will (unless otherwise requested) send a postcard identifying the giver.

You need not cut out this form, if you acknowledge its conditions when sending subscriptions.

To the Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Date.....

Please post THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION each week for the next four months to the names and addresses below. I am a reader of this paper and propose for the next four months to continue buying it for myself as hitherto.

To my knowledge the persons named below are not regular readers of this paper, and I enclose 5s. per subscription.

DONOR'S NAME AND ADDRESS.....

LIST OF FRIENDS' NAMES AND ADDRESSES:

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

..... Please write clearly

WHO'S WHO 1941

Who's Who 1941 contains up-to-date biographies of some 40,000 men and women of importance to-day: achievement, not birth or wealth, is the criterion for inclusion. War conditions have resulted in many thousands more than usual of the innumerable annual alterations. Some 1,000 new biographies have been added. *An old edition is out-of-date on every page—to rely on it is dangerous.*

Now ready at all booksellers, 65s. net

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK · SOHO SQUARE · W.1

damnably unattainable." In other words, a tedious, attitudinising, selfish little bitch. "Perhaps I am odd and superior," laughed Corisande, "but I would gladly renounce all the delights of civilisation to-morrow for a rough and stormy world in company with love."

Miss Mackinder lacks the defensive ringcraft which saves Miss Bottome from disaster. *Captain Cérise* is drivel; *The Heart of a Child* is not. But I have the unhappy feeling that the two books have in common much more than Miss Bottome's superior talent should permit.

Angels on Horseback also has a touch of *naïveté;* but here it is the light-hearted hoaxing innocence of the clown, liberated from human burdens and free to tease in a mood of nonsensical farce which occasionally rises to the wistful lyrical pathos that is the natural poetry of clowning. Mr. Jaeger brings a little group of "Immortals" to earth in an English village, and having settled them at Doffbowler Towers he watches them run amok with great glee. They form a sort of Marx Brothers contingent and, among other things, inspire a fantastic police hunt in which the clues are constantly changed and more and more things are stolen. This is excellent slapstick, carried through in high spirits, bordering at times on satire, lively in invention, devised with a fanciful originality. Apart from a few curt stage directions, *Angels on Horseback* is almost entirely dialogue. When the characters are not speaking to each other, the author is teasing them on his own account. Some of the banter from author to character is a bit pedestrian, and the clipped and jerking style is occasionally distracting, but Mr. Jaeger undoubtedly has a fresh and individual talent for fantastic buffoonery. This is not mere knockabout. Mr. Jaeger manages to convey an overtone of poetry, a hint of clairvoyance in the general lunacy, which suggests a slight kinship with Blake's *Voyage to the Moon*. In *Angels on Horseback* Mr. Jaeger has written an unusual and attractive first novel.

DESMOND HAWKINS

THE ART OF AN ARISTOCRACY

Masterpieces of English Furniture and Clocks. By R. W. SYMONDS. *Batsford.* £2 2s.

In publishing so beautiful a book at the present time Messrs. Batsford have shown an almost quixotic gallantry. Selected and compiled by a well-known collector, the book touches a point of rest in his fastidious evasion of all save a few of the finest examples of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture. Indeed Mr. Symonds carries his self-denying ordinance almost too far in the omission of Adam's work from his survey of chairs and looking-glasses; he might well have substituted this artist, as evidenced in the exquisite bookcase from Sir Watkin Wynns's collection in St. James's Square, for William Vile's somewhat secondary royal cabinet to which a whole chapter is addressed. The letterpress is subsidiary to the illustrations in colour and monochrome, which in poise, purity and detail show to perfection these few superb masterpieces. Especially does this relate to the texture qualities of the needlework and of two lovely lacquer cabinets which are portrayed here.

Few, if any, forms of art can pretend to an appeal which is universal. Certainly the art of furniture design, closely linked as it is, or should be, to the current forms of architecture, expresses not even a national conviction so much as the manners of a class. Perhaps no age lends itself more easily to this consideration than that which is traversed by this book; it was an age in which persons of taste acquired a recognised control of the arts, the expression of which their culture

DESMOND MacCARTHY

says in *The Sunday Times*

I have made a note not to miss in future a novel signed

C. P. SNOW

author of

Strangers and Brothers

"This novel impressed me considerably. The theme is interesting. It is the study of a character in modest circumstances (he is a solicitor's clerk in a provincial town) who has the qualities of a leader of men. He comes to disaster—and, by the way, in a trial for fraud, which is thrilling to follow—but his fate does not alter the significance of this investigation into human nature, which is conducted with a sympathetic impartiality and a calm integrity of observation that are reflected in a style at once matter-of-fact and sensitively precise . . . Such, in general terms, are the qualities of a novel which struck me as remarkable."—DESMOND MacCARTHY in *The Sunday Times*. 8/6

FABER AND FABER

★ THE Novel of the Screen ★

CAMERA!

by

Joan Morgan

Author of "Citizen of Westminster"

"It is pleasant to find a novel about that odd world of the cinema which is neither 'impossible' fantasy nor a lurid melodrama. It is, indeed, about the sanest picture of the film industry in this country that I remember to have read . . . human and attractive . . . the real thing."

RALPH STRAUS
(Sunday Times).

". . . the most completely sympathetic story of the film world I have ever read."
JOHN O'LONDON'S WEEKLY.

CHAPMAN & HALL

MARK YOURSELF

ONE for each of the following statements you agree with.
TWO if you disagree.
THREE if you don't know or don't care.

1 All of us who remember the condition of England in May and June must realise that even if we owe nothing to Churchill but his oratory, we owe him everything.

2 Culture, if it is to die, will die in Europe, and there is no hope that it might come to life in U.S.A. America can never be an escape for people like us. I now know that there is more glory in being an unknown British soldier than an American best-seller writer.

3 Unhappy lovers are frequently lovers who seek unhappiness, suffering being the intoxicant they distill from pleasure.

4 What is to be expected of them (the Ruling Class) is not treachery or physical cowardice, but stupidity, unconscious sabotage, an infallible instinct for doing the wrong thing. They are not wicked, or not altogether wicked; they are merely unteachable.

5 Farming is a dull game: you have to wait so long for things to grow. I like action.

6 Once and for all, the gravest physical danger is as nothing compared to the smallest of one's familiar anxieties.

7 I would not claim for Paul Klee the stature of a Michael Angelo or of a Picasso, but his work is as perfect in its way as that of a German artist of the Fifteenth Century.

8 Getting good leaders, and being loyal to them, on this side of idolatry, is the chief problem of the democracies.

IF your score is twelve or under you must surely already be a reader of HORIZON and will be enjoying these quotations from eight different writers in the Christmas Number.

IF you score between thirteen and sixteen you may not agree with us, but you will find our points of view well put, and worth considering.

IF you score over sixteen it's time you did know and did care.

HORIZON

NOW ON SALE

Subscription Rates: 12 months 14s.; 6 months 7/-. Canada & U.S.A.: 12 months $3.00; 6 months $1.75. 1 copy post free: 1,2 or 35c.

To.....Bookseller or to the Proprietors, HORIZON, 6 Selwyn House, 2 Lansdowne Terrace, London, W.C.1.

Please send me HORIZON for.....months

commencing with the issue dated.....

I enclose { Cheque / Postal Order } Value.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Please write clearly.

A SUBSCRIPTION TO "HORIZON" IS AN EXCELLENT CHRISTMAS GIFT.

LONGMANS

Clemence Dane

THE SHELTER BOOK

With contributions from

Winston Churchill
P. G. Wodehouse
J. B. Priestley
Hugh Walpole, etc.

and Games for the Children

6/- net

E. F. Benson

FINAL EDITION

An informal Autobiography

15/- net

Harry Price

The MOST HAUNTED HOUSE in ENGLAND

10/6 net

Stella Gibbons

CHRISTMAS AT COLD COMFORT FARM and other stories

8/- net

LONGMANS

THE TIMES
BOOK CLUB

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS
All the important books of the season on view.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Books for Boys and Girls of all ages.

BOOK TOKENS ACCEPTED

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
A display of charming Christmas Cards and Calendars.

A LIBRARY SUBSCRIPTION
The Gift that gives lasting pleasure.

If the black-out stops you calling—telephone Welbeck 3781

Christmas Catalogue and Library Prospectus sent on application

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB
Booksellers and Librarians
42, Wigmore Street, London, W.1

and ample means demanded and made possible. Taste played the patron and paid the craftsman, and, if one may judge from what they devised, its votaries possessed, as a rule, orderly and active minds and a singular sensitiveness towards significant design. Moreover, they realised the relation of parts to the whole, the site and contour of the house, the kinship of furniture to its setting, the garden a planned extension of the building. At first sight this may appear as something artificial, limited to a leisured class. In effect the influence extended far beyond these confines, to create within our market towns and villages what was to be one of our chief glories, a tradition of native building affected by the same currents and regulated in the same way, though it may be unconsciously, by the varying attention paid to taste. And this influence is visible in countless pieces of furniture which remain to us from the provincial and country workshops of the eighteenth century, fashioned by men who knew their tools and the qualities of their wood by instinct and by experience. Design came to them by tradition, flowing, as it were, from father to son, by invention or by observation, and often at the suggestion of those who employed their labour and upon whom they depended for a livelihood.

Exceptional and costly furniture emanated from the workshops of the great London designers, where, as Mr. Symonds notes, division of labour was considerable, and where a single piece was seldom the work of one craftsman; but through one channel or another the standards of fine workmanship and the varying fashions of the Capital penetrated into the country towns and villages and account for many of the beautiful country pieces which were to be found in the houses of the lesser merchants and gentry, in farm kitchens and in cottages.

It is to be hoped that Messrs. Batsford will one day add to this book a companionate volume devoted to the lesser masterpieces of English furniture such as will show us how it is that a set of armed Windsor chairs set at a table from Chippendale's workshop are perfectly at ease in an Oxford Common Room.

R. ST. C. TALBOYS

THURBER

Fables for Our Time, and Famous Poems Illustrated. By JAMES THURBER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

I remember seeing my first Thurber exhibition in a small gallery in the Brompton Road. It was a very small gallery, so that the young lady sitting by the door and the young man looking on and the three other visitors and myself had all to move together to enjoy a view of the pictures. It was also very hot. As we circled round, stirred by an unseen spoon, one of us would want to pause before a particular drawing, but the others would insist on shuffling on, and I had to go round a number of times before diving out into the sunlight. To say that the effect of Thurber in these surroundings was eerie is to apply the mildest term; one drawing of a man extending a flapper to a guest and saying "That is my first wife on top of the cupboard" (and there she *was*, looking down) still appears to me with the chill of situations recollected from dreams. I have seen many drawings by Thurber since and read most of what he has written; if anything the eeriness grows. Have you ever walked into a Lyons tea-shop to find a company of nudists inside eating poached eggs? Probably not. But open any book of Thurber's, you will find them there; look a little closer, and between human figures and poached eggs there will be a distressing likeness. The Thurber man or woman seems to have grown clothes like a baggy skin, and to be naked with or without them; he or she flows over an armchair or sofa and a number of the species sidle about the room, meeting but for some reason not coagulating, like corpuscules in the blood-stream. Or there is a panic in the street and all the baggy outlines become angular and suddenly point in one direction.

We laugh. We have to do something, confronted with all these fishy eyes and moronic trances. If Thurber wasn't funny his revelations would be more terrifying than Strindberg's. I know that there are people who don't find Thurber in the least funny, but they must be people whose lives contain no slippery slope. There were Thurberisms in the world long before Thurber came along to exploit them. How many servants have excused a cat that has misbehaved itself with the words, "Ah well, it's only human"? That begins to disclose gulfs. And if we look into any minute of our own lives it will be seen to swarm with the enormities Thurber spreads so placidly across his page. He is the humorist of the unconscious. It isn't "other people," but ourselves, talking at breakfast, lying in a bath, running for trains, who are funny.

The frontispiece of *Fables for Our Time* is a sheep tapping on a typewriter: autobiography could scarcely go farther. The fables themselves, three to four hundred words long, and illustrated with page drawings, are delicious, and should make converts even among those who hitherto have turned a blind eye. One or two morals give us the tone, which is far from Aesop and all other fabulists I know. "There is no safety in numbers, or in anything else." "You can fool too many of the people too much of the time" (this has been known to politicians for a long while). "Don't get it right, just get it written" (here the sheep of the frontispiece reappears, with a wolf at his back). "The world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be as happy as kings, and you know how happy kings are." This last moral and the fable to which it is attached are even more painfully topical than most of Thurber's comment. It is the tale of an old gentleman who, "one sweet morning in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty nine," threw up the window to let in the sun and was slashed at by a widow spider; whose chair at breakfast was pulled from under him by his grandson, "a boy named Burt." As he limped towards the little park, he was tripped up by a small girl rolling a hoop; a daylight robber made him hand over his watch and money and a gold ring his mother had given him when he was a boy; and when finally he entered the park, his "green isle in the sea," it was only to find that half the trees had been killed by blight and half by a bug. Their leaves were gone "so that the hundred planes which appeared suddenly overhead had an excellent view of the little old gentleman through their bombing sights." A fable of the times indeed, yet as funny and touching and until the last line scarcely more painful than the peacetime predicaments of some of the other fables. There is the charming story of a town mouse who went to visit a country mouse, but his train passed the station, so that he didn't get to the junction until the bus had gone; and saying "To hell with it," walked back home. By this time it was raining, as the drawing on the opposite page makes clear. I liked, too, the beginning of "The Moth and the Star":

> A young and impressionable moth once set his heart on a certain star. He told his mother about this and she counselled him to set his heart on a bridge lamp instead. "Stars aren't the thing to hang around," she said; "lamps are the thing to hang around." "You get somewhere that way," said the moth's father. "You don't get anywhere chasing stars."

You can read as much or as little as you please into these light and perfectly written little tales. There are twenty-nine of them. The last forty pages are given to "Famous Poems Illustrated." All I need say of them is that the poems, including "Locksley Hall" and "Excelsior" and "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," read exactly as though they had been written by Thurber himself. By some additional feat of magic he has even appropriated a Housman poem.

> Oh when I was in love with you,
> Then I was clean and brave, etc.

With the two drawings, which have a decorative grace unusual in this artist, it makes a new and splendid whole. Yes, Thurber-Housman is a new revelation of the human genius and very poignant indeed. G. W. STONIER

GUERILLAS

Armies of Freemen. By TOM WINTRINGHAM. *Routledge.* 5s.

Mr. Wintringham's theory of war is perhaps more valuable as propaganda than as a contribution to military science. Broadly speaking, it is the romantic or guerilla theory of war, which insists on the superior morale and inventiveness of the soldier who feels himself free and knows what he is fighting for. From a long series of instances, starting with the Greeks who fought against Xerxes and ending with the Spanish Republicans, he deduces the comparative toughness of democratic peoples and the all-importance of freedom of expression. And heaven knows this can hardly be said too often or too loudly, even if Mr. Wintringham's theory has holes in it here and there.

A hostile reader of this book might object that the victories won by free men over less free but more numerous opponents are rather far apart and in many cases not final. Spartacus was destroyed in the end, the French Revolution was perverted by Napoleon, the Spanish Re-

STUDIES IN ECONOMIC WARFARE

By D. T. JACK, M.A., Professor of Economics, University of Durham. **12s.**

This volume includes a series of studies which deal with the nature and effects of economic warfare during the period of the Napoleonic wars, the development of international law in relation to neutrality, blockade and contraband, the practice of economic warfare during the Great War and its diplomatic background, and an examination of the vulnerability of Germany to economic pressure under existing war conditions.

PENAL REFORM IN ENGLAND: Introductory Essays on some aspects of English Criminal Policy

Edited by L. RADZINOWICZ, M.A., LL.D., and J. W. CECIL TURNER, M.A., LL.B., University Lecturer in Law and Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, with a Preface by **P. H. WINFIELD, F.B.A., J.P.,** Rouse Ball Professor of English Law, Cambridge. **10s. 6d.**

The aim of this book is to assist in the much-needed development of the study of criminal science in England. It is a work of collaboration by experts under a definite scheme. On the statistical knowledge of the facts of crime it explains the legislative developments of the past fifty years, the working of the administrative machinery of justice, the rights of the accused to a fair trial, the special treatment of juvenile delinquents and the modern methods of educative punishment found in the probation system, the Borstal system and the prison system.

THE CITY: The London Financial Markets

By BARNARD ELLINGER, M.A., with a Foreword by **Dr. J. J. MALLON,** Warden of Toynbee Hall. **20s.**

This book describes the financial City as it existed in 1939 and the developments which have taken place between two wars.

Prior to 1914 "the City" would usually have been considered to comprise the Bank of England, the Joint Stock Banks, the Issuing and Accepting Houses and the Discount Market. To-day a description of the City to be complete must include the capital-collecting agencies—savings banks, investment trusts, insurance companies, building societies—and the Stock Exchange, foreign and colonial banks, foreign exchange market and the Exchange Equalisation Account, and show how these various organisations fit into the financial structure as a whole. Recent criticism of "the City" and the extent to which it has been met, is examined and discussed in this book.

P. S. KING & SON, LTD.
WESTMINSTER

"He is English"—NEW STATESMAN, 2nd NOV. 1940

THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

2s. 6d. net

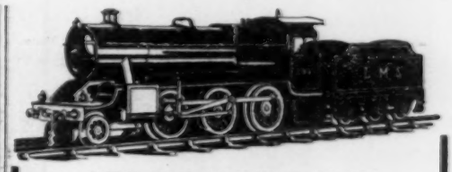
"Embalms and treasures up the spirit and life blood of a brave and honest man, who 'knew God experimentally' and who made his life, as far as he knew how to do it, an organ of the living Christ in seventeenth-century England."

RUFUS M. JONES *in the Introduction*

John Woolman's Journal
(another Quaker classic)
is also published in the
EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

Obtainable from the Friends' Book Centre, Euston Road, N.W.1, and all Booksellers

Publishers: J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd.



L.M.S. Gauge "0" Steam Mogul. Price £6.6.0.

Set of finished parts for constructing same in 30 hours, complete with full drawings and illustrated instructions. **Price £5.0.0.**

CHRISTMAS, 1940, is overshadowed by great forces outside our control. Let us remain as cheerful as possible, and the best way to keep happy is to BE ABSORBED in something!

Take our advice and choose MODEL MAKING this winter. It will develop the skill of hands and quickness of brain, *and* it will keep you fully occupied.

An ideal book to introduce to you the Model Railway Hobby is:

THE MODEL RAILWAY HANDBOOK
by W. J. Bassett-Lowke, M.I.Loco.E.

Just republished in the 9th edition . . . entirely rewritten . . . newly illustrated with over 200 pictures . . . 150 pages. Describes the gauges from "00" to 15". An admirable Xmas gift. *Price* **3/6.** *Postage 4d.*

NEW CATALOGUES include:—

GR.14. Gauge "0" Railways and Equipment. Price **6d.** post free.
TT.14. Gauge "00" (Table Railways). Price **3d.** post free.
S.14. Model Ships and Fittings. Price **6d.** post free.

And constructional booklets include:—
Laying Permanent Way, 3d. Building a Traction Engine, **4d.**, and Building a gauge "0" steam Mogul in 30 hours, **8d.** post free.

BASSETT-LOWKE LTD.

London: 112, High Holborn, W.C.1. **NORTHAMPTON** Manchester: 28, Corporation Street.

(Official Air Raid Shelters on All Premises.)

POSTSCRIPTS
J. B. PRIESTLEY

The full text of his

2s. 6d. famous Sunday evening talks *2s. 6d.*

HEINEMANN

"Delightful sketches of the Soviets . . . perfect little stories."—*Spectator*

The Woman Who Could Not Read

and other Tales
by
MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO

"Vivid, terse and (what is rare in Russian fiction) really funny."
—*Observer*

5s. net

METHUEN

INSIDE THE IRON GUARD

This week's "Zionist Review" contains the first of a series of exclusive articles entitled

"I Knew Iron Guard Codreanu"

By A. L. Easterman

Easterman, one of the best-known Foreign Correspondents in British journalism, is now writing specially for the "Zionist Review" the first detailed account of the strangest episode of his career—the drama of the encounter between a Jewish interviewer and the Jew-baiter who, had he lived, would have ruled a Nazi Rumania to-day.

ORDER THE "ZIONIST REVIEW" FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT TODAY!

The ZIONIST REVIEW, 75-76 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1

REMOVE THE SHACKLES!

By A. Grant McGregor

NAZI SHACKLES ARE NOTORIOUS. BUT BRITAIN SUFFERS FROM SHACKLES TOO. THEY ARE UNSEEN BUT SEVERE.

Why Britain has suffered so long from unemployment under ever-rising productive power, how the war can be paid for as it progresses with the minimum of burden, the correct way to avoid a post-war slump, and how Britain can quickly put her economic house in order and thus remove the stain brought on democracy by the fumbling with the unemployment problem, is simply explained in REMOVE THE SHACKLES, a book for every business man to read. Pitman, 5s. net. Place an order with your booksellers right away.

WISE GIFT GIVERS

vote for
VOTRIX
vermouth

Votrix Vermouth is British—finest grape juice skilfully blended with selected herbs: indistinguishable from the best imported pre-war Vermouth except for its price. And that's quite a lot less thanks to its British origin!

★ *Owing to acute shortage of the large size bottles you may be offered Votrix in the ordinary size bottles in which case the prices are 3/6 Italian style and 4/- French style.* ★

ITALIAN STYLE
(*Sweet*)
4/6

FRENCH STYLE
(*Dry*)
5/-

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
VINE PRODUCTS LIMITED, KINGSTON, SURREY.

Toasted Cheese with

HŌVIS TRADE MARK TOAST

makes a snack for any host

and Saves Butter

Best Bakers Bake HŌVIS

Macclesfield

publicans were defeated. A point which is not fully discussed by Mr. Wintringham but which is of terrible importance at this particular time, is the tendency of modern inventions to increase the power of minorities. Looking back through history, it does seem that there are long periods during which the common people were powerless, simply because the paramount weapon of war happened to be something rare and expensive. The elephant, for instance, was such a weapon. Between A.D. 400 and A.D. 1400 nothing could stand up to an armoured man on horseback—and a good suit of armour cost a lot of money. The improvement of the English longbow, enthusiastically described by Mr. Wintringham, shook the power of the armoured knight, and the invention of gunpowder finally settled him. During the age of gunpowder democracy was possible, because saltpetre can be found under any long-established dung-heap and a muzzle-loading gun can be made by a village blacksmith. The success of the French Revolution really depended on those two facts. But with the complexity of modern weapons power swings back to minorities, to small bodies of highly trained airmen, submarine commanders, etc., and the "labour aristocracies" who make their weapons for them. Once again the common people are helpless, however much they may feel themselves to be fighting for liberty; the Spanish workers are smashed under the German bombs just as the rebellious mercenaries were smashed under Hamilcar's elephants. Mr. Wintringham cites the early Tank Corps of the last war as an example of a democratic army. No doubt this was true at that particular time, but it is obvious that the tank is an inherently anti-democratic weapon. The democratic answer to it is the petrol bomb which was used with a certain amount of success in Spain and Finland. But it is difficult to see how the common man can come into his own again until some easily manufactured weapon has made the military aeroplane as useless as a suit of plate-armour would have been in A.D. 1700.

However, the common man may think of some way of countering the bombing plane, if he is allowed to talk freely and has reason to think the struggle worth while. That is where the truth of Mr. Wintringham's theory comes in. The tremendous controversies that always rage in a democratic country at war, the endless discussion of strategy by more or less ignorant people, the free expression of near-seditious opinions, are sources of strength in the long run. They see to it that the conduct of the war shall not be entirely in the hands of the experts, who are generally right on the minor points and wrong on the major ones. Since the whole drift of official policy in England is in the other direction, Mr. Wintringham may be forgiven if he is a little too optimistic about the power of popular morale and guerilla tactics. This book forms a sort of pendent to *New Ways of War*, and is particularly suitable for very young readers. The stories of Crecy, Valmy and Thermopylae are most spiritedly retold, much as A. G. Henty would have told them if he had had a Marxist training. GEORGE ORWELL

AN ENGINEER ON LIFE

Science versus Materialism. By REGINALD O. KAPP, Pender Professor of Electrical Engineering, University College, London. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The arresting title of this book and the fact that the author is not a professional philosopher raise hopes of something novel; and novel the book is, not in its central argument, which turns out to be a familiar argument for vitalism, but in freshness and forcefulness. It includes a parable and a long symposium of scientists and others who have undertaken to design a new universe. Professor Kapp's strength lies in his firm grasp of the character of machines an organisms; his weakness, in a failure to face up to the awkward consequences of his vitalism. This leads to a facile and sometimes facetious dismissal of theories which try to compromise between crude vitalism and crude materialism.

Professor Kapp's engineering experience leads him to argue very cogently that the similarity of machines and organisms is a bad reason for believing in materialism. Though a machine behaves strictly in accordance with physical laws, it cannot be adequately described in terms of these alone, since it was designed for a purpose, or, as Professor Kapp would say, to a "specification." It was given a form such that the automatic behaviour of its parts, acting together, will inevitably produce certain intended results. Organisms also, he insists, show unmistakable signs of specification. Their parts are so arranged that they function together to ensure self-maintenance and reproduction.

Unaided matter, he affirms, never spontaneously falls into an organic form. It merely "shakes down," falls away, takes the line of least resistance. As Eddington says, it tends always to become *less* organised. Yet in organisms matter, though very precariously balanced, is somehow *prevented* from shaking down and disintegrating. Professor Kapp emphatically rejects the theory that such a complex thing as an organism, however primitive, or even a single protein molecule, could ever have been produced by the haphazard flying about of atoms. He therefore postulates a non-material something, a "diathete," which organises the matter of the organism, and exercises through it the distinctive powers of "Life." Matter in an organism, though it conforms to physical laws, "conforms also to the non-material influences referred to as Life. How it may conform to two sets of laws is one of the problems which will have to be solved." Unfortunately the author never even attempts to solve it. He merely says that there *may* be some sort of tiny "gap" in the determinateness of matter, where the diathete can insert its influence. But sometimes he talks as though there were no such "gap," insisting that diathetes do not take hold of pieces of matter and place them in specified positions as a bricklayer does. "Our problem is how diathetes can control forces without applying any." At the end of the book he modestly but exasperatingly leaves this enormous problem to others.

Attempts to find a solution by showing that in some situations matter does organise itself, Professor Kapp treats with scorn. Descriptions of the atom as a self-regulating organic system, he condemns as misleading. In the atom's structure and behaviour there is no sign whatever of specification. Its particles merely "shake down." He rejects also the claim that enzymes, which control the growth and behaviour of cells, are true organisers yet material. If an enzyme is purely material, it cannot organise; if it does organise, something non-material is at work in it.

He is particularly contemptuous of theories according to which, when matter happens to fall into certain complex patterns, new powers "emerge" in it, powers of organisation, self-maintenance, reproduction, learning and finally consciousness. This, he says, is a kind of materialism which is forced to adopt a mystical and quite irrational view of matter.

The advocate of "emergence" might reply that, rather than attribute the distinctive characters of organisms to a hypothetical "diathete," he is content merely to describe the facts. Matter itself (what we *call* matter) manifests in organisms powers which in non-organic patterns it fails to manifest. The difference between this view and Professor Kapp's vitalism arises from different interpretations of the word "matter." He *means* ex-

clusively by "matter" lifeless matter, such as he deals with in his profession. "Lifeless" matter obviously never can manifest the activities of life, since if it did, it would not *be* lifeless matter.

Against both "emergence" and vitalism it must be said that the constant and spectacular advance of bio-chemistry makes the purely mechanistic account of living bodies ever more credible. But against the mechanistic theory itself we must remember that it can never adequately explain consciousness. After all, its plausibility depends on abstracting the physical aspect of living things and ignoring all else. In particular it ignores or falsifies all that is distinctively human in our life. And by undermining the authenticity of the reasoning process it destroys its own foundation.

The upshot? How little we yet know! But Professor Kapp is at any rate stimulating.

OLAF STAPLEDON

DIE MEISTERSINGER IN 1940

Wagner and *Die Meistersinger*. By ROBERT M. RAYNER. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

"Wagner!" exclaimed my correspondent; "I can't bear even to *think* about him now." This was no pose: the writer is a musician, his astonishment sincere. Nor does he stand alone; there are plenty of people who regard Beethoven as part of our European heritage but feel dubious about Wagner. First, the municipality of Cape Town recently banned a Wagnerian concert. (Nothing much in that, perhaps; a town council can always be depended upon to make a spectacle of itself over art; Beckmesser is eternal.) Then the B.B.C., trying to clarify its very muddled attitude towards German music, pronounced in the *Radio Times* a ban on "composers of Nazi sympathies [i.e. Richard Strauss] and old works that can be interpreted in terms of modern Germany (such as Brahms's *Triumphlied* and Wagner's *Siegfried*)." It is true that a fortnight later the Corporation revoked, and broadcast the *Forest Murmurs;* but its dictum remains uncancelled, and, so far as I have seen, unchallenged. Even Mr. Ernest Newman, whom no one would accuse of a coolness towards Wagner, has been pointing out the extent to which his influence on German political thought has shaped the characteristic Nazi mentality.

Of course, he was a purely German artist, just as Verdi was a purely Italian one; and outside his art he was German to the point of madness, emitting clouds of opaque theoretical gas on every subject under the sun. Now why do people allow this to influence their feelings towards his music? No one, after all, thinks a penny the worse of Cézanne's pictures because Cézanne was a reactionary anti-Dreyfusard. The answer is that, unlike Cézanne, Wagner allowed the non-artist in him—his "philosophy" and his fantastic racial egotism—to get, here and there, into the fabric of his work; and people are quite right to feel this. We can hardly, in 1940, be expected to rave about a Siegfried; that conception, essentially noble, has a streak of the bully which repels. To know no fear is inevitably to know neither compassion nor reverence; and it is only too clear that the "foolish boy" would have been perfectly happy plastering Walhalla in an Alberich 110.

And yet—. There is no work of Wagner's so intensely German as *Die Meistersinger;* but here the fog of false theory lifts, to reveal a structure of golden purity and, for all its vast dimensions, of classical elegance of outline. The belittlers of Wagner have no conception of what this work has meant to successive generations of music-lovers. It is as though, in 1868, a magician struck the rock and there had flowed

There is "class" in every strand of Craven Mixture. This rare quality is subtle—yet unmistakeable to all men who buy the BEST. It lifts Craven clean out of the run of ordinary pipe Tobaccos. Wonderfully cool and smooth, fragrant and sweet from the first draw to the last—unvarying in its goodness throughout all the many lands where it is sold.

"ARCADIA" . . . immortalized by Sir J. M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine" is Craven Mixture.

Fine Cut: Double Broad Cut: Extra Mild: In airtight tins: 1/10½ oz

CRAVEN MIXTURE "A TOBACCO TO LIVE FOR"

(C.M.94) MADE BY CARRERAS, LTD. (ESTABLISHED 1788), ARCADIA WORKS, LONDON

SHAPING THINGS TO COME

BEHIND the boom of guns and the scream of bombs, a quiet work of conciliation and Christian fellowship is being carried on by the Society of Friends through its Centres abroad.

This work does not attempt to move the masses, but aims rather at touching the hearts and lives of individual seekers. Many to-day are broken and disillusioned by political and economic failures. Through relief work, reconciliation work, and a sharing of the common task, Friends of various nationalities have built and are still building an international fellowship which nothing can destroy.

Quaker Centres may be found in:

DENMARK*	HOLLAND*	AFRICA
FRANCE*	SWITZERLAND*	CHINA & JAPAN
GERMANY*	SYRIA	INDIA

(**British personnel withdrawn, but work continued by local Friends in collaboration with American Friends.*)

This work is the concern of all those who believe in a

DEMOCRACY BASED ON RESPECT FOR THE HUMAN PERSONALITY AND FREEDOM FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

Enquiries and contributions warmly welcomed and should be sent to

The General Secretary (Room A)
(Paul D. Sturge)

FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL

Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

out a great river of music and humanity in which thousands refresh themselves year after year. Other music has expressed more intense and rarified states of mind; but I know of none which gives the listener such a sense of the soundness and goodness of life. And when have we needed that more? *Du holde Kunst, in wie viel grauen Stunden.* . . . Since the war began I have been condemned to hear little but grotesquely over-amplified Wurlitzer organs; and I shall always be grateful to Mr. Rayner for reminding me of page after page of incomparable music which lay submerged in my memory. There must be many besides myself who possess such frozen credits; to them I recommend this book, and also to anyone embarking, with score or gramophone, on a study of the work. Mr. Rayner has assembled in a very readable form a great deal of scattered material, much of it new to the English reader; and the musical commentary with which he concludes his book shows the justness of his perceptions. At times I want to argue with him, but I always recognise the voice of a man who knows and loves *Die Meistersinger* for what it is.

Just what that is, Wagner prophetically suggested in a letter to Schott dating from before the composition of the music:

> In short, I reckon upon expressing the very core of German life as it is recognised and loved in foreign lands.

He reckoned aright: Germany never had a better ambassador than Hans Sachs. People who think of Sachs as a loquacious, bearded baritone uttering platitudes to sublime music are simply too lazy and inattentive to look into the text: true, it is the only one of Wagner's librettos which bears a close inspection. The dialogue between Walther and Sachs contains a profound dissertation on the nature of life and art, youth and age; and the *Wahnmonolog* which precedes it is far ahead of current nineteenth-century ideas in its recognition of the irrational element in human nature (*Wahn*) as the source at once of our misery and, properly canalised, of our rarest achievements. Wagner's Sachs is, in fact, the one great classical conception thrown up by German art; and if we need a war aim, there could be few more desirable (or more difficult of attainment) than this: to make the German people worthy of its portrait in *Die Meistersinger*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

JOLY JOLY WAT *believes that there can be no war-time virtue in ignoring your friends or economising at the expense of your relatives.*

BOOKS

anyhow, are a necessity in war-time and they are TAX-FREE. *Book lovers out of reach of Town should get into touch with one of*

Alfred Wilson's Bookshops

Send for Catalogues of Children's Books, Christmas Book Selections and specimen parcel of Greeting Cards.

THE CITY: 7 Ship Tavern Passage, E.C.3
Hampstead: 11 High St., N.W.3
Victoria: 155 Victoria St., S.W.1

Christmas Appeals

Larger demands on smaller purses is the order of the day for the private individual. It is also the position in which most institutions, relying largely upon voluntary support, find themselves. Special attention is therefore directed to our advertisement columns this week in which a number of such appeals are issued.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Week-end Competitions

No. 567

Set by Patrick Raymond

In 1678 the diarist John Evelyn wrote: "I saw a trial of those devilish, murdering, mischief-doing engines, called Bombs, shot out of the morter-piece on Black heath."

The usual prizes are offered for suitable descriptions of *one* of the following: (*a*) a Molotov breadbasket; (*b*) a dive-bombing Messerschmitt; (*c*) a speech by Hitler—as they might have been written by *one* of the following: William Cowper, John Donne, William Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Gerard Manley Hopkins. Limit—250 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, December 23rd.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 564

Set by Bernard Varley

We offer the usual prizes for the best new coined word in a convincing setting. Thus, one might invent a verb "to friligate," and the phrase in which it would pass might be "the friligated leaves of the juniper."

Report by Bernard Varley

Mr. Varley presents his compliments to the competitors and considers that:

> 'Twas Brillig and the slithy toves
> Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,

or Mr. Joyce's Gentlemanpoet Lawn Tennyson, are better (not unnaturally) than most of the examples sent to him to judge. Nevertheless, there are some who run them close. There were far too many empty inventions and others that are too forced. Friligate, on the other hand, has a melody, a charm and immediate though not obvious meaning. (This is not conceit, friligate was not coined by Varley.)

Some runners-up: E. D. Coote with:

> But this is mere Jimboonery, the purest flambango.

Richard Pomfret:

(1) Rotarians lilymincing one with another.
(2) One of Cecil B. de Mille's conglamorations.
(3) The moanings of a dance-band Croonuch.

V. H. Porter with:

> The *proculisation* due to telegraph, wireless, aeroplane, hindered perhaps by the autarchic tendencies of the *interbellic* years, should nevertheless produce a *mundial* outlook in place of the old restricted *parishpump* point of view.

On days without alerts, one wonders if the *Sireneers* are on strike.

And Towanbucket's:

(1) GARGULOUS. Example: . . . splutterings voluble with the gargulous indignation of escaping bathwater.

(2) PUNDERWITS. Example: . . . Thank heaven the tedious punderwits of the pre-Victorian era no longer dominate the dinner-table.

(3) BLANDULATIONS. Example: . . . the blandulations of B.B.C. announcers.

(4) DUPPLE. Example: . . . as dupple as a diplomat.

The two prizes are pooled and divided between: (1) Stanley Sharpless for his variety and happy choice of words; (2) Walter Flagtail has charming nuance for rhythm; (3) and T. Wilson has some good up-to-date coinages.

I

A nice armchair for lovers to snoodle in.

If Franco joined the Axis, Hitler would lead him a proper petango.

Here is the eight o'clock news and this is Bruce Belfrage blurging it.

In this bluggy swaskrieg, though subjected to a nightly dorniado of insanediary gombage, we are far from quisling to the futilitarian naztika.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

II

The skins of radishes are thin and red and fillipy; when you peel them they thrip.

WALTER FLAGTAIL

III

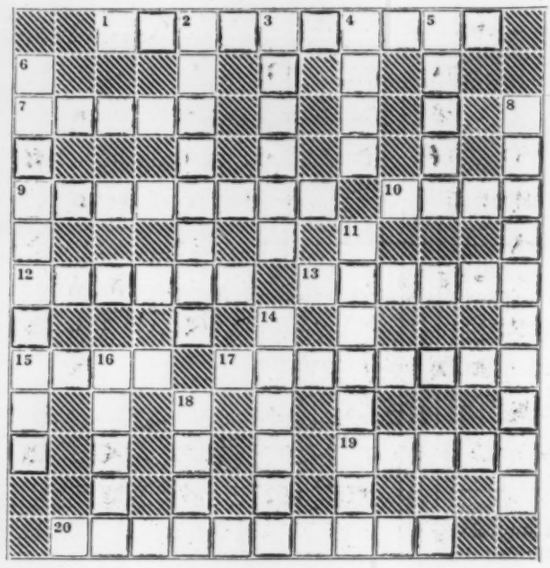
In these black and *brumous* nights when the *droomagious* noise of the raiders is heard overhead and the *gloomp* of our shells and the *wheep* of A.A. fire disturb your rest, why not invest in one of our *GAZBODORMIUMS*—

the shelter that protects you from gas and bombs and allows you to sleep in perfect *saftipax*.

T. WILSON

WEEK-END CROSSWORD II

Set by V. S.



The last week's winner is:

Miss Ashworth, 7 Lovaine Terrace, Berwick-on-Tweed.

ACROSS

1. 100. (10)
7. Mixed spice. (5)
9. Miss Vernon's articulation. (8)
10. 16's submarine connection. (4)
12. It's late, nurse, but carry on. (6)
13. Social reform for insects. (6)
15. Jug jog. (4)
17. Twenty shillings and one hundred pfennigs. (8)
19. Addresses her without manners. (5)
20. One's better without (4 hyphen 6)

DOWN

2. 6/- charge for a title. (8)
3. Fret for stuff in the East End? (6)
4. *rev.* " " (4)
5. She'll thank you not to start calling her gross. (5)
6. Pointlessly pointed instruments are overcunning. (10)
8. The Quick and The Dead *vide* Jehu (3 hyphen 7)
11. A match first and last for Scotland Yard (4 and 4)
14. Step outside, Mr. Capone, you give my friend the pip. (6)
16. "——," called Jones, taking the plunge. (5)
18. Time for father to take his ease? (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

A		L	A	S	T	T	R	U	M	P		H		
C				H		O		N				A		
T	E	N	D	E	R		A	F	F	I	R	M		
I				R		K		A				S		
V		L	O	R	D	S	H	I	P	S		A		
E		E		Y		I		R		H		N		
S	A	G	O		I	L	L		W	I	N	D		
E		A		E		E		U		P		W		
R		L	A	D	Y	B	I	R	D	S		I		
V				U		O		B				C		
I	N	K	I	N	G		H	A	M	I	S	H		
C				E		O		N				E		
E		J	A	D	E	G	R	E	E	N		S		

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," "NEW STATESMAN AND NATION," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The Will to Win . . .

is firmly rooted in the hearts of the brave men of H.M. Forces who, day after day, defend us from the common enemy.

The Will to Help . . .

is evident in these difficult yet significant days. Many kind friends have answered generously our call for

More Church Army Centres
More Church Army Mobile Canteens
More Church Army Hostels

Will you, too, help us to build and maintain still more Recreation Centres, Canteens and Hostels, for the comfort and happiness of your own and others' sons?

Everything you give, however little, however much, will enable us to bring comfort and friendliness to the men of the Navy, Army and Air Force.

Please send a gift now . . . to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D.

The Church Army

55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1

A Social Study of the Lower Deck

BRITISH BLUEJACKET 1915-1940

by A. TRYSTAN EDWARDS

"Penetrating, sympathetic and appreciative analysis of the influences that go to make the British Bluejacket."

Times Literary Supplement.

2/- net. *Of all booksellers.*

Simpkin Marshall Ltd., London, E.C.4

Now edited by
JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY
(*author, "The Betrayal of Christ by the Churches"*)

"PEACE NEWS"

2d. weekly

(*3s. 3d. per quarter, including postage*)

Order from Publishers (Dept. N.S.2), 3, Blackstock Road, London, N.4, or ask for name of nearest supplier.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Changes of address for subscription copies should reach this office not later than first post TUESDAY morning.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1

PURELY PERSONAL

SPEND CHRISTMAS AT HOME and spend 6/8 on a box of King Six Cigars.

THINK OF THESE MEN AND HELP THEM

You can well imagine what terrible perils this War is adding to the already hazardous tasks of our Life-boatmen at sea.

Now more than ever do they need your help in pounds, shillings and pence, to maintain them in their magnificent work.

As the War at sea intensifies so the call from this Institution for your aid becomes more urgent. We know you will not fail us now—send whatever you can afford.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.

The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer,
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT

Why not an annual subscription to Poetry (*London*) for 7/-?

POETRY
(London)

Bi-monthly of modern verse and criticism

Edited by Tambimuttu at 25 Marchmont St., W.C.1

ACCOMMODATION
To Let

KINGSLEY HOTEL. Near the British Museum. Telephones in all bedrooms. From 9s. 6d. per night.

ASK for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 165 INNS and HOTELS managed by the PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD. P.R.H.A., LTD., 193 Regent Street, W.1.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambass. 2941. Nr. Marble Arch, Padd. Fr. 15s. 6d. p.w. 5s. daily, bkft.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Comfort. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

ROCKINGHAM, Westward Ho! Devon. Quiet, comf. hse. peaceful sur. Mod. inc. terms. MISS FOLL. Northam 183.

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Terms from 13s. 6d. per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

WOODY-BAY HOTEL, Parracombe, N. Devon. Quiet, peaceful, safe area. H. & C. all rooms, spring mattresses. good food, farm produce, central heating, licensed. From 3½ *guineas* inclusive. Parracombe 64.

CHRISTMAS in comfort at WHITE LODGE HOTEL, Saltdean, Sussex. (Rottingdean 9614.)

BLENHEIM, Bovey Tracey, S. Devon. Lovely gardens, orchards. Central heating and H. and C. in bedrooms.

FOR two people: stone-built house, accessible rail/road, village South Northants. All modern conveniences. Home produce. 2½ *gns.* Box 8290.

XMAS or rest period accommodation offered quiet country home. Dorset. Mod. terms. MRS. READER, Kingston, Sturminster-Newton, Dorset.

GERRARD'S CROSS, Beaconsfield. Professional woman, London daily, seeks comfble. accom. in this area. Box 8294.

W. SUSSEX. Christmas and after at Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough. Attractive modernised house. Downs. Quiet. ALLUM (Sutton 229).

HASSNESS, Buttermere. Peaceful Lake District. Lovely country house, surrounded by fells 2,000 ft. high. Every modern comfort. Own farm and garden produce. Special terms for Christmas or long stay. Apply MRS. VOAKE. Tel.: Buttermere 9.

OXFORDSHIRE, 40 miles London. Country accom., 1 or 2. 4 mins. local halt, early London train. Vegetarian food. Box 8310.

VACANCIES for children 7-10, needing home care and education. Four acres and woodland, Health and Freedom in happy home with own children. Home Farm produce, no sirens. MRS. O. S. JANKE, Quince House, Bishop Nympton, N. Devon, or telephone Museum 6993.

TO SHARE. Modern furn. flat in ferro-concrete building, Highgate. All conveniences. 2 rooms. 2 *gns.* Box 8312.

THATCHED Cottage to let furnished; 2 bed. 2 recep., kitchen, bath, w.c., all electric, garage, Blüthner grand, rural situation, within daily reach London, 2 *gns.* Mansion House 7654. Monday morning, 10-12, or Box 8319.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 639

CHRISTMAS 1940

Christmas symbolises the dawning of Faith. For centuries past, at this period of the year, man has experienced Faith with an exaltation of spirit, with a sublime feeling of goodfellowship. The act of giving is the material expression of this goodwill. So let it be this year . . .
But with less to give, be more discerning in your distribution. Think of the patients of The Royal Cancer Hospital, visited with a malignant disease that is among the most dreaded enemies of mankind, and send a Christmas gift, however small, to the Secretary.

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

FULHAM RD., LONDON, S.W.3

Many children are happy

because their plight became known to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. More than 100,000 are rescued annually from all forms of ill-treatment and neglect.

To-day the Society is bringing long experience to help smooth out difficulties of war-time child welfare.

Will you help this National Service to ensure a happy childhood for our future citizens?

Do please send a Christmas Gift for unhappy children

Sir G. W. Truscott, Bt., Hon. Treasurer.

N.S.P.C.C.
NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PROTECTION & CARE of CHILDREN

Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

ANGAS AND WALL STREET—CAPITAL GOODS *v.* CONSUMPTION GOODS SHARES—OIL EQUITIES

ITALIAN defeats are cocktails for the Stock Exchange—every City barman will agree—so that it was not surprising to see the fall in ordinary shares come to a halt this week. But it will be resumed later on. Even in the United States I observe that the investment consultants are finding out that buying ordinary shares does not pay in this circumspect war. Major Angas sends me the following post-card—in language which dry-as-dust English stockbrokers might copy for the entertainment of their clients: "Slump in profits ahead. 1940 profits are higher than 1939. 1941 profits will be lower than 1939. You are puzzled, Angas is not. Read why in Digest 67, entitled 'Fool's Paradise.' Don't hallucinate. Discover your error of optimism—in time. Don't be like the short-sighted crowd who refuse to read forecasts until after they eventuate. Major Angas told you to sell out completely last April, hit subsequent May bottom, has again sold out—why?" Poor Wall Street will not be allowed to recover from the Presidential election. Major Angas, who of course wants America to declare war at once, sees President Roosevelt imposing strict control over the armament and automobile industries. It is apparently less easy for an American to make a profit out of a war contract than a British manufacturer.

* * *

Investors seem to have taken my hint last week to exchange from Woolworths and Marks and Spencer, having regard to the drastic rationing schemes in store, into capital goods shares, such as Stewarts and Lloyds, United Steel, and Associated Electrical. Woolworths, which recently touched 60*s.*, fell sharply to 52*s.*, and at the moment of writing have recovered to 53*s.* 6*d.* Marks and Spencer behaved more steadily, but are now 3*s.* down at 34*s.* The following table sets out the terms of the possible exchange:

	Price	Last Earnings %	Last Div. %	Yield %
Sell:				
Woolworths 5/- ...	53/6	89.2	65	£6 2 0
Marks and Spencer 5/-	34/-	55.5	42½*	£6 5 0
Buy:				
Stewarts and Lloyds £1	40/-	20.3	12.5	£6 5 0
United Steel £1 ...	21/3	8.0	8.0	£7 10 6
Associated Electrical £1	40/-	13.3	10.0	£5 0 0

* When dividend was limited the rate was 38.3%.

If the investor is nervous of the capital goods' shares he might consider an exchange into the Lever and Unilever £1 shares, whose earnings now depend on the British Empire business alone. Last year the British business of Unilever was able to earn 20 per cent. and afford a dividend of 10 per cent. Even allowing for the appropriation to meet the dividend equalisation agreement between the Dutch and English companies, which last year took £800,000 or 7 per cent., some experts believe that a dividend of 10 per cent. will be maintained during the war. The directors passed the interim dividend in October but announced that profits for the current year, after making the necessary reserves for taxation, would not differ materially from those of 1939. It was only the difficulty of ascertaining the Dutch position which made them postpone their interim dividend. At the present price of 23*s.* 6*d.* Unilever would return a yield of nearly 7 per cent. on 10 per cent. dividends or over 6½ per cent. on 7½ per cent. dividends. * * *

I have previously advised shareholders of Anglo-Iranian and Shell Transport and Trading not to be optimistic about their dividends this year. The interim dividends have been passed, and I expect the final dividends also to be passed next May. Shell has to face not only the loss of their European markets, but a decline in profit ratios on their extra-European business following on the fall in the Gulf export prices of oil. It is not easy for oil shareholders to realise that the oil blockade of Europe has created a surplus of oil for export in America, so that world oil prices have fallen. Further, the directors of Royal Dutch-Shell have to face the increasing destruction of their oil plants in France, Holland, Belgium and Germany as the R.A.F. increase their bombing offensive. They will naturally wish to reserve cash for a large-scale building programme after the war. The loss of income to holders of Shell Transport and Anglo-Iranian will be seriously felt by a large number of investors, for these shares found a place in most investment lists. I suggest that if income is a primary consideration, holders should exchange into Burmah Oil, which, in spite of the loss of income from its own holdings of Shell and Anglo-Iranian, will be able to pay satisfactory dividends during the war from its Indian business. Burmah Oil holds 5,343,000 Anglo-Iranian and 1,200,000 Shell Transport shares. The gross income received from these holdings in 1939, when Anglo-Iranian paid 20 per cent. and Shell 20 per cent. tax free, amounted to about £1,400,000, equivalent to nearly 10½ per cent. on Burmah Oil Ordinary stock. In 1940 Burmah Oil will have received only the 5 per cent. tax-free interim dividend from Shell—equivalent to only £92,000 or 0.7 per cent. on Burmah Oil Ordinary capital. As Burmah Oil earned last year 22.8 per cent. and paid 21 per cent., the loss of this investment income may force the directors to reduce their dividends to 12½ per cent. At the present price of 2⅛, Burmah Oil shares return a gross yield of £6 18*s.* per cent., allowing for Dominion Income Tax relief.

To save you from EVERYDAY ILLS

Don't miss your Beechams Pills. Take them at bedtime. Remember they have served four generations faithfully and are still the safest, most reliable, refuge from everyday ills and ailments: sick headaches, digestive upsets, liverishness, overweight and that enemy of health—constipation. Get some Beechams Pills today. They are purely vegetable and obtainable everywhere.

BEECHAMS Brand PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

The Lieutenant *likes it . . .*

Take a glance at that Rock-of-Gibraltar chin, which our young lieutenant thrusts over the rail as he searches for enemy craft. Can you see there the mantle of Drake (minus the beard) and Nelson (plus an eye)? Well, at least the satin smooth skin shows that he's had a perfect Vinolia shave—indeed proves again that Vinolia rules the shaves.

VINOLIA FOR SHAVING

STICKS 7½d, 1/-. REFILLS 10d, 11d.
CREAM 1/3, 1/9. ECONOMY CAKE 3½d.

Prices apply U.K. only and include Purchase Tax.

VB 1139F/103

BOOKS ARE ALIVE AND FREE . . .

Despite adverse circumstance, active minds are working for the future and the literary heritage of the past is undamaged. Books are the best presents this year.

A CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

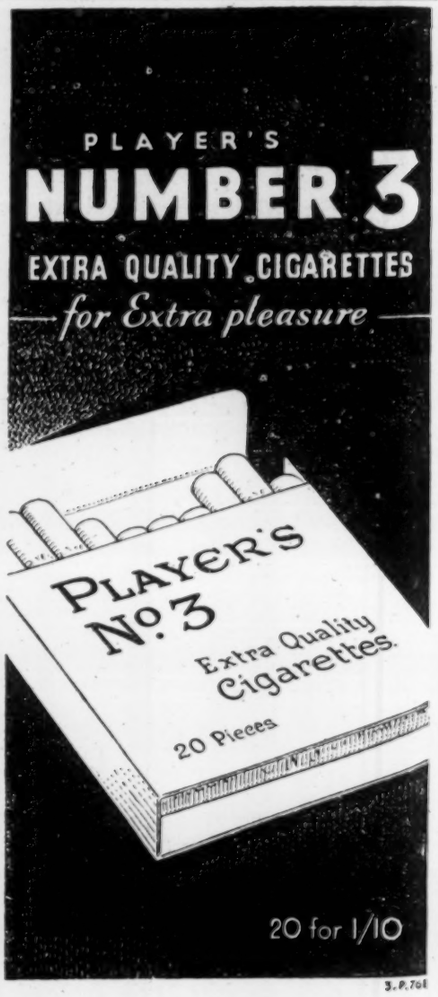
of the best new books is now ready. Send for a copy.

J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.

Booksellers to His Majesty the King

477, OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Mayfair 3601.



3.P.701

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted subject to the management's approval and right to amend or to refuse any advertisement whether paid for or not.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, December 15th, at 11 a.m., JOHN KATZ, B.A.: "THE NEW INDIVIDUAL IN THE NEW SOCIETY." Admission free.

ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Morning Service only. December 15th, at 11.30. R. O. PROWSE: "ON BEING CRUDE."

PEOPLE'S CONVENTION. Great London Rally, Holborn Hall, Sunday, December 15th, 2 p.m. (Doors open 1.30.) D. N. Pritt, Beatrix Lehmann, Harry Pollitt, G. F. Dutch, Rev. Stanley Evans and others. Admission 6d.

24 UNIVERSITY OF LONDON Extension Lectures on "SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY" begin at 11 a.m. on Sunday, January 5th, 1941, at the new premises of the INSTITUTE FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF DELINQUENCY, 17 Manchester Street, London, W.1 (Welbeck 6037). Syllabus on application. Full particulars in issue of December 7.

FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE P.P.U. "Peace and Good Will—and Why Not?" A demonstration at the Aeolian Hall, Bond Street, on Sunday, December 22nd, at 2.30 p.m. (Doors open 2 p.m.) Speakers: Ethel Mannin, J. Middleton Murry, Donald Soper, Fenner Brockway and R. W. Sorensen, M.P. Admission free.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

KING ALFRED SCHOOL, progressive London day school since 1898, now takes boys and girls as day pupils and boarders on 180 acre estate, 40 miles north of London. Prospectus from Secretary, Flint Hall Farm, Royston, Herts.

NORTH WALES. Caerblaidd Junior and Nursery School, Festiniog. Secluded house in private grounds. Reformed diet. Children 2-9 years. Principal: E. A. CORKHILL, M.C.N.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, Wedderburn Road, Hampstead, now at Yarkhill Court, nr. Hereford (Tel.: Tarrington 233). Boys and girls, 4–16. Emphasis on languages. Special teaching methods. Modern dietary. MRS. E. PAUL, Ph.D.

LONG DENE SCHOOL, The Manor House, Stoke Park, Bucks. Co-educational, from 4 to 19. A safe, and perfect, place for children. Lake in grounds. Facilities include sound-film projector, pottery, weaving, printing. Food reform diet. Keenly alive specialist staff. Headmaster: JOHN GUINNESS, B.A. (Oxon.).

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL (For Girls)
South Petherton, Somerset.
Recognised by the Board of Education. Safe area; beautiful surroundings; education is uninterrupted; highly qualified specialist staff; pupils entered for University Examinations. In addition to the usual subjects, gardening, poultry-keeping and riding are leisure-time activities. Boarders five to eighteen years of age (young children taken as war emergency). Fees moderate to suit existing conditions. Bursaries available.

TUITION at KIDSTONES CO-ED SCHOOL, THORALBY, YORKS, is related to a belief that potent living is essentially a matter of learning in a peculiarly sincere way. The Co-Principals invite enquiries at Croft House, Buttermere, Cumberland.

SCOTLAND. Beverley Nursery School, Aberfoyle. A few vacancies for children 2 to 9 years in progressive atmosphere, special attention to diet and health, music and art. Particulars on application to the PRINCIPAL.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, Gerrard's Cross. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, M.A. Aim—to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative. Preparation for Universities, professions. 15 acres grounds.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-prep. and Nursery School. All-year-round home. Sound early education and training. Good health record. Excellent air-raid precautions.

DEVON. ST. GEORGE'S CHILDREN'S HOUSE, Belstone, Nr. Okehampton (evacuated from Harpenden), has vacancies for Boarders 2 to 9 years, for short or long periods. Particulars from MISS D. I. MATTHEWS.

MONKTON WYLD SCHOOL, Nr. CHARMOUTH, DORSET. A new school for boys and girls, 3–18 years. Secluded position. Own farm produce. Principals: ELEANOR URRAN, M.A., HUMPHREY SWINGLER, M.A. Write to the Secretary for prospectus.

BELTANE SCHOOL, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Boys and girls from five to eighteen years. Good academic standards. Undisturbed district.

PINEWOOD, Crowborough, is now at The Fir Hill, Colan, St. Columb, Cornwall. Home school for boys and girls 3 to 13, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods still maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. St. Mawgan 279.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH. A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Principals: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B.; MRS. LYN HARRIS, M.A.

HURTWOOD School, Peaslake, Guildford. Co-educ. from 3 years. A few children taken for holidays. Principal: JANET JEWSON, M.A., N.F.U. Tel.: Abinger 119.

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Little Gaddesden, Herts. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 5 to 14 years old. Inclusive boarding fee. Headmistress: MISS O. B. PRIESTMAN, B.A., N.F.U.

HUNSDON HOUSE SCHOOL, 12 Manor Road, Headington, OXFORD. Nursery and Kindergarten, 2–7; Junior School, 7–11. Run on progressive lines; building specially designed for sunshine and fresh air. Car will bring Oxford children. K. S. WOODS, A.R.C.M., NOREEN GOODSON, PYMONIE MOERAN. Tel. in school hours: 6704.

ELLERMAN & BUCKNALL LINE to SOUTH AFRICA

from CAPETOWN £53
DURBAN £61
First Class throughout

ELLERMAN & BUCKNALL STEAMSHIP CO. LTD.
Tudor Court, Fairmile Park Road, Cobham, Surrey.
Telephone: Cobham 2851.

SCHOOLS—continued

MAPSTONE HOME SCHOOL, Lustleigh, Devon. Safe area, two houses, 500ft. above sea level. Entire care taken of children from 2 upwards. Term or holidays. Home-baking, farm and garden produce. Write Prospectus.

QUIET Area. Cornwall. Hollington Park School for Girls, St. Leonards-on-Sea, at The Bay Hotel, St. Ives. Recognised by Board of Education, ages 8 to 18, boarders only; 100% School Certificate successes. All games. Graduate staff. Parents accommodated. Open holidays.

THE BYRON HOUSE SCHOOL (Highgate Village, N.6), recognised by B. of E., is well established at The ORCHARD, Huntingdon Road, CAMBRIDGE, as a boarding and day school for girls and boys aged 3–13 years. Prospectus and information about vacancies for January from the SECRETARY. Tel.: Cam. 3817.

BADMINTON SCHOOL at The TORS HOTEL, LYNMOUTH, N. DEVON. The School has moved from Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, to the above address for the duration of the war. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

BUNCE COURT SCHOOL, now Trench Hall, WEM, Salop. Tel.: Wem 172. Principal: ANNA ESSINGER, M.A.

WENNINGTON HALL, via Lancaster. Boys and Girls; quiet area; experienced graduates; moderate fees. Chairman Advisory Council: Prof. John Macmurray. Headmaster: Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

HOMER SCHOOL, IPSDEN, OXON. Safe Area. 10 Boarders, 10 Day children. Boys and girls 5–12 years. All subs. Froebel methods. Qualified staff. Country life. Riding.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL. Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

BEDALES SCHOOL, PETERSFIELD, HANTS. (Founded 1893.) A progressive public school for boys and girls from 11–19. Separate junior school for those from 5–11. Inspected by the Board of Education. Country estate of 150 acres. Home Farm. SCHOLARSHIPS of £100, £60, £30. Headmaster: F. A. MEIER, M.A. (Camb.).

MATHEMATICS coaching for Matric., R.A.F. corresp. J. B. RUSTOMJEE, 2 Carlingford Road, N.W.3. Ham. 0210.

GIRLS' SCHOOL YEAR BOOK.
The official book. Information re schools, Evacuation addresses, Careers, etc. 7s. 6d. Booksellers or DEANE, 31 Museum Street, London.

TYPEWRITING, LITERARY, &c.

DUPLICATING, TYPEWRITING, SHORTHAND by experts. METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES. Emergency Address: 2 Glenhurst Avenue, London, N.W.5. GULliver 2757.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT RATES

2s. 3d. per line (or part line) per insertion. Minimum 2 lines. A line averages 8 words. BOX NUMBERS. Add 1s. Classified advertisements cannot be inserted UNLESS PREPAID. If in doubt about the amount send nearest calculation and it will be adjusted. Under present conditions insertion cannot be guaranteed. Copy should arrive not later than FIRST POST TUESDAY. *Earlier will help to ensure insertion.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription, post free, to any address in the world costs: One year, 32s. 6d. Six months, 16s. 3d. Three months, 8s. 6d.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SPECIALISED TRAINING

A DEGREE FOR YOU! Lond. Univ. degree candidates over 23 may take shorter Special Entrance instead of Matric. exam. Wolsey Hall will prepare you by post. Free loan of books; tuition continued *free* if you fail; low fees. 971 Successes at Sp. Ent.—Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD. (Est. 1894.)

ARTHUR SEGAL'S PAINTING SCHOOL (for Professionals and non-Professionals, and also Psychological Therapy by special methods) *transferred from London to 183 Banbury Rd., Oxford.* Open every day (except Wednesday) including Sundays. Arthur Segal's method proves that *everyone can learn to paint.*

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

GRAVESEND PUBLIC LIBRARY. Temporary Male Assistant required, with some experience. Commencing salary £150, plus War Bonus. Canvassing will disqualify. Apply immediately, with particulars. ALEX. J. PHILIP, Public Library, Gravesend.

ORGANISER WANTED
NATIONAL UNION OF WOMEN TEACHERS
Applications are invited for the post of travelling organiser. Experience in organising, teaching, speaking and press work desirable. Forms of application, to be returned by Jan. 3rd, may be obtained from the Gen. Secretary, 41 Cromwell Road, S.W.7.

SECRETARY. Woman experienced in simple accountancy, committee and organising work. Salary £250 non-resident, £156 resident. Applications with references by December 21st to The Secretary, Mary Macarthur House, Stansted, Essex.

HOSTESS for Guest House (40 Guests). Housekeeping experience together with real social outlook essential. Salary, £120. Applications with references by December 21st to The Secretary, Mary Macarthur House, Stansted, Essex.

MATRON, young, capable, with knowledge of Nature Cure methods, required by co-educational school, 23 miles London. Box 8289.

M.P. needs non-resident woman secretary, Central Westminster, excellent shorthand typist, skilled filing and simple accounts, energetic, quick, accurate, good education, preferably secondary or university. Write stating experience, references, previous salary, political party (if any). Box 8309.

REQUIRED before Xmas. Domestic worker for small boarding school, West Country. Also someone with training and experience to take charge of seven smallest children, aged 3–4; preferably mother with child under 12, *au pair.* Send particulars and photo. Box 8311.

SMALL, independent, co-educ., recognised day school (recep. area) has vacancy for woman graduate. Subjects: Mathematics, Physics. Week-ends free. Good salary. Box 8292.

NEILL-ISAACS follower wants help with young baby, Sheffield; suitable nurse or teacher sacked for why-ing. No Truby King-ers. Write fully Box 8293.

INTELLIGENT work in Progressive School (children under 12) or Social Centre required by young woman, previously Principal of Experimental School with perm. Holiday Camp. Qualified teacher, also group music, handicrafts. Box 8287.

INTELLIGENT young lady—University education, wide knowledge of literature, thorough experience publicity work, copy, ideas, etc.—wishes interesting and preferably useful job near London. Box 8285.

LADY seeks domestic post, any capacity: light household duties, secretarial; specially good with children. S.W. Surrey district preferred. Write Box 8313.

EXEMPT man, single (28), reqs. post. Secretary, salesman, in or outdoor. Clean driving licence. Good health. Go anywhere. Any suggestions. Box 8314.

WOMAN (age 42) seeks post as Housekeeper to widower or bachelor. Experienced, capable, good cook. Box 8303.

FIRST-CLASS Cook, Housekeeper or Manageress for small hotel (or single person). German refugee, good English references. BAB, 83 Priory Road, N.W.6.

DUTTON ONE-WEEK SHORTHAND. First lesson free. Write Dept. N.S. 92–3 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

PERSONAL

GERMAN refugee girl student, awaiting passage United States, needs home and occupation fr. middle December for some months; pref. Birmingham or near; experienced in care of children or domestic work, but cannot cook; confidently recommended, personally, by University authorities. Particulars from the WARDEN, University House, Birmingham, 15.

GERALD HOLTOM'S Hand-printed Fabrics (at 2s. 11d. per yard), Cyprus Goat-wool Rugs, Chinese Pottery and Finnish Furniture are obtainable without tax from ALFRED WILSON, 11 Hampstead High Street, N.W.3. HAM. 2218.

MOTHER (35) with one little girl (3½) needs a job in country home which will provide them with accommodation and food from January 14th for duration. Box 8306.

MONOMARKS. Permanent postal address. Special wartime facilities. 5s. p.a. Write BM/MONO12, W.C.1.

INFERIORITY COMPLEX eradicated. Write for free book. BRITISH INSTITUTE OF PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY 1 (HX.9) Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

TO LET

TO LET FURNISHED: Farmhouse; 2 sitting, 3 bed, kitchen, bath. Running water. Near Braintree. Reception area. 3½ *gns.* Apply Box 8288.

ROKESDOWN, Hants. Modern s.c. Flat; 3 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, in detached villa; garden. £52 p.a. Apply: FEYER, 184 Walm Lane, N.W.2.

SEMI-BASEMENT Flat, unfurn., 2 pleasant rooms, k. and b. £1 wkly. reliable tenant. 26 Newton Road, W.2. Bay. 3152.